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## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

### LITERARY MEN OF OUR TIMES.

*The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* By Thomas Medwin. 2 vols. T. C. Newby.

CAPTAIN MEDWIN has written and published so much about Byron, Shelley, and their associates, that we cannot remember it all sufficiently to distinguish what is new from what is repetition. However composed the present work is likely to attract public notice, were it for nothing else but the boldness with which it excuses or justifies opinions upon which the mass of mankind have set the seal of reprobation. But it possesses other ingredients for popularity when popularity is most readily achievable by such means. It is not only critical and biographical, but bitterly personal and replete with sketches of social communism, revelations of vice, and tales of scandal. It is the apologist for immorality and infidelity; and it freely discusses Christianity in comparison with Paganism, Platonism, Pantheism, Unitarianism, Nationalism, Kongsism, Owenism, Atheism, and sundry other *isms*, leaving it difficult to determine, or altogether a matter of indifference, to which to give the preference. With such attractions, we say, the book is sure of exciting much discussion; and that being the chief end of book-making and book-selling, we ought perhaps to congratulate the author on what is so likely to be his profitable experiment. But as there may be some drawbacks, we refrain from doing so; and confess that it is painful to us to sit in judgment on productions of the kind, and feel ourselves obliged to point out what these drawbacks must necessarily be. And this feeling arises from a sense of the presumption always implied in any one taking upon himself to censure and condemn others, and in the consciousness that Pharisee overweening, and a blindness to self, if not a cloak of hypocrisy, are too generally the elements of such a position. To cast the first stone requires the nerve of no humility nor doubt of self-righteousness; and it is only a public duty which, in our eyes, can justify the office of reviewing as it ought to be reviewed, any performance like that before us. With this confession we proceed to our ungrateful task.

The author begins with the infant and school-days of Shelley, and in the capricious and tyrannical character and want of religion which he ascribes to his father Sir Timothy, discovers the first evil impressions made upon his ductile mind—a mind the more liable even in childhood to be led astray,\* in consequence of its delight

in romance reading, its own imaginativeness and want of stability, and indulgence in speculations and phantasies, which in later years amounted to such a pitch that (if of any permanent duration) a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* could have entertained no doubt of their verdict. Even the temporary occurrence of these "hallucinations" was of such a nature as to show, according to Captain Medwin's statement, that a certain degree of lunacy might be pleaded in mitigation of the errors which the individual committed. His aberrations of intellect are represented to have been so nearly allied to metaphysical jack-o'-lanterns and sceptical confusion, that we cannot consider him strictly an accountable being; but there seem to be no such influences to warrant the pains now taken to repudiate the best and safest principles upon which the welfare of society exists, and substitute in lieu thereof principles upon which it could not exist at all.

The promulgation of his Syllabus, which he afterwards enlarged and published in notes to *Queen Mab*, caused Shelley's expulsion from College (his previous education having been carried on at an academy near Brentford, and Eton) and a consequent irreconcilable quarrel with his father. He also by this act lost his first passion, a cousin, Miss Harriet Grove, between whom and himself the most ardent boy-and-girl, bread-and-butter amour was embalmed in correspondence, literary efforts, and never-to-be-ended love. A sort of spasmodic affection for Mrs. Hemans, then Miss Felicia Browne, is stated also to have attacked Shelley when sixteen years of age (1808) and as a specimen of the precocious bent of the character may be quoted:

"I shewed Shelley (the author says) some poems to which I had subscribed by Felicia Browne whom I had met in North Wales, where she had been on a visit at the house of a connection of mine. She was then sixteen, and it was impossible not to be struck with the beauty (for beautiful she was), the grace, and charming simplicity and *naïveté* of this interesting girl—and on my return from Denbighshire, I made her and her works the frequent conversation with Shelley. Her juvenile productions, remarkable certainly for her age—and some of those which the volume contained were written when she was a mere child—made a powerful impression on Shelley, ever enthusiastic in his admiration of talent; and with a prophetic spirit he foresaw the coming greatness of that genius, which, under the name of Hemans, afterwards electrified the world.

"He desired to become acquainted with the young authoress, and using my name, wrote to her, as he was in the habit of doing to all those who in any way excited his sympathies. This letter produced an answer, and a correspondence of some length passed between them, which of course I never saw, but it is to be supposed that it turned on other subjects besides poetry. I mean, that it was sceptical. It has been said by her biographer, that the poetess was at one period of her life, as is the case frequently with deep thinkers on religion, inclined to doubt; and it is not impossible that such owed its origin to this interchange of thought. One may indeed suppose this to have been the case, from the circumstance of her mother writing to my father, and begging him to use his influence with Shelley to cease from any further communication with his daughter,—in fact, prohibiting their further correspondence. Mrs. Hemans seems, however,

to have been a great admirer of his poetry, and to have in some measure modelled her style after his, particularly in her last and most-finished effusions, in which we occasionally find a line or two of Shelley's, proving that she was an attentive reader of his works. 'Poets,' as Shelley says, 'the best of them, are a very chameleonic race, and take the colour not only of what they feed on, but of the very leaves over which they pass.'"

We believe the earliest writings of L. E. L. produced the greatest change in Mrs. Hemans' muse; and led her to add more of feeling and warmth to her previously more classically cold and beautiful marble compositions. So she has herself assured us; and a glance at her poems in chronological order will confirm the fact.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, a Knight of Malta, having published an absurd romance, called the "History of the Nairs," he sent it with a letter to Shelley, referring him to a note in 'Queen Mab' hostile to matrimony, and taxing him with apostasy from his principles, in having twice entered that state. This epistle produced an answer; I have not the whole of it, though it was published by Lawrence. Shelley says there, 'I abhor seduction as much as I adore love; and if I have conformed to the uses of the world on the score of matrimony, it is (the argument is borrowed, by-the-bye, from Godwin, in his 'Life of Mary Wollstonecraft,') that disgrace always attaches to the weaker side.'

"A decided anti-matrimonialist, the historian of the 'Nairs' was by no means convinced by this argument. One evening he persuaded me to accompany him to the Owenite chapel, in Charlotte-street. In the ante-room I observed a man at a table, on which were laid for sale, among many works on a small scale, this 'History of the Nairs,' and 'Queen Mab,' and after the discourse by Owen,—a sort of doctrinal rather than moral essay, in which he promised his disciples a millennium of roast beef and fowls, and three or four days' recreation out of the seven, equal division of property, and an universality of knowledge by education,—we had an interview with the lecturer and reformer, whom I had met some years before at the house of a Northumberland lady. On finding that I was connected with Shelley, he made a long panegyric on him, and taking up one of the 'Queen Mabs' from the table, read, premising that it was the basis of one of his chief tenets, the following passage:

"How long ought the sexual connection to last? What law ought to specify the extent of the grievance that should limit its duration? A husband and wife ought to continue so long united as they love one another. Any law that should bind them to cohabitation for one moment after the decay of their affection, would be a most intolerable tyranny, and most unworthy of toleration.' If Lord Melbourne (Captain M. observes, upon this convenient doctrine) did not hold similar opinions, he at least thought there was no harm in encouraging them, by presenting Mr. Owen to our Queen. The question is, whether, in the present state of society, and with the want of education that characterises the sect of which Mr. Owen is the founder, the Socialists, their tenets are, or are not, pregnant with danger. This *philanthropist*, however, certainly is sincere in believing the contrary; and up to this time experience seems to have confirmed his belief. He has spent his life, and expended his fortune

\* As there was no school library, we soon resorted, 'under the rose,' to a low circulating one in the town (Brentford), and here the treasures at first seemed inexhaustible. Novels at this time (I speak of 1803) in three goodly volumes, such as we owe to the Great Wizard of the North, were unknown. Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, formed the staple of the collection. But these authors were little to Shelley's taste. Anne Radcliffe's works pleased him most, particularly the 'Italian;' but the *Rosa Matilda* school, especially a strange, wild romance entitled 'Zofloya, or the Moor,' a Monk-Lewis production, where his Satanic Majesty, as in Faust, plays the chief part, enraptured him. The two novels he afterwards wrote, entitled 'Zastrozzi' and the 'Rosalindian,' were modelled after this ghastly production; all of which I now remember is, that the principal character is an incarnation of the devil, but who, unlike the 'Monk' (then a prohibited book, but afterwards an especial favourite with Shelley) instead of tempting a man and turning him into a likeness of himself, enters into a woman called Olympia, who poisons her husband homeopathically, and ends by being carried off, very melodramatically, in blue flames to the place of dolor."

[Enlarged 90.]

in inculcating them; and a more thoroughly amiable and moral man does not exist." \* \*

"Queen Mab, (adds the author) is, indeed, the gospel of the sect; and one of them told me, that he had found a passage in Scripture that unquestionably applied to Shelley, and that the word *Shiloh* was pronounced in the Hebrew precisely in the same manner as his name."

Contrasting Byron's scepticism with Shelley's, the writer goes on, in his usual way of invective when those with whom he is at feud are mentioned in his pages, to say:

"Little dependence is, however, to be placed on the profession of faith contained in the two letters Byron wrote to Mr. Dallas (in 1808), in which his object clearly was—an object he carried out all his life, with his biographer even more than any one else—*mystification*. Voltaire was his horn-book; but in the list of works he says he had studied in different languages, he only confesses to have read his Charles XII., though that scoffer at religion was his delight and admiration, and with him he fell into the slimy pool of materialism."

"Shelley's scepticism produced different fruits—he would never have joined with Matthews, Hobhouse, Scrope Davies, and 'beasts after their kind,' in those orgies which were celebrated at Newstead, when with Byron for an Abbot, they travestied themselves in monkish dresses, and the apparatus of beads and crosses, and passed their nights in intemperance and debauchery. No, his way of thinking never affected the purity of his morals. 'Looking upon religion as it is professed, and above all practised, as hostile instead of friendly to the cultivation of those virtues that would make men brethren, he raised his voice against it, though by so doing he was perfectly aware of the odium he would incur, of the martyrdom to which he doomed himself.'"

This fate, it is truly said, was at hand; and who can wonder? His unhappy marriage ensued, and Captain M. informs us:

"I have found a clue, to develop the mystery of how he became acquainted with Miss Westbrook. The father, who was in easy circumstances, kept an hotel in London, and sent his daughter to a school at Balham Hill, where Shelley's second sister made one of the boarders. It so happened, that as Shelley was walking in the garden of this seminary, Miss Westbrook passed them. She was a handsome blonde, not then sixteen. Shelley was so struck with her beauty, that after his habit of writing, as in the case of Felicia Browne and others, to ladies who interested him, he contrived, through the intermediation of his sister, to carry on a correspondence with her. The intimacy was not long in ripening. The young lady was nothing loth to be wooed, and after a period of only a few weeks, it was by a sort of knight-errantry that Shelley carried her off from Chapel-street, Grosvenor-square, where she sorely complained of being subject to great oppression from her sister and father. Whether this was well or ill founded is little to the purpose to inquire. Probably, Shelley and Miss Harriett Westbrook—there might have been some magic in the name of Harriett—had not met half a dozen times at all before the elopement; they were totally unacquainted with each other's dispositions, habits, or pursuits; and took a rash step that none but a mere boy and girl would have taken. Well might it be termed an ill-judged and ill-assorted union—bitter were destined to be its fruits."

This secret match took place in 1811, Shelley being born in 1792. The young pair roamed about from settlement to settlement as circumstances required till in 1813 they parted, as Capt. M. assures us, "by mutual consent, after a much longer test of the incompatibility of their tempers, and incapacity to render the duration of their union anything but an intolerable tyranny; and it must not be forgotten, too, that isolation

from society made them perfectly acquainted with each other's dispositions and habits and pursuits."

Comparing this event with that similar in the life of Byron, the Captain adds:

"In both cases the world ranged itself on the weaker side; but if Byron had his measure of reproach and defamation, Shelley was persecuted with a more exceeding amount of obloquy, driven from his native land, placed under a ban by his friends and relations, and considered, as he says, 'a rare prodigy of crime and pollution.' It is true that a tragic circumstance arose out of his separation, over which I could have wished, were it possible, to draw a veil; but as that may not be, and though by an anachronism, as I shall have no further occasion to mention the first Mrs. Shelley, now advert to it.—She cut off her days by suicide."

This dreadful event, after all the most irreparable blot in the miserable life (for was it not a miserable life?) of poor Shelley, Captain M. endeavours to explain away.

"I have said (he repeats) in the 'Shelley Papers,' that it is impossible to acquit Shelley of all blame in this calamity. From his knowledge of her character, he must have been aware, as has been said by another, 'that she was an individual unadapted to an exposure to principles of action, which if even pregnant with danger when of self-organization, are doubly so when communicated to minds altogether unfit for their reception;' and he should have kept an eye over her conduct."

"But I have since had reason, from undoubted authority, to change this opinion. On their separation, he delivered her back into the hands of her father and eldest sister. He told them almost in these words, that 'his wife and himself had never loved each other; that to continue to drag on the chain, would only be a protraction of torture to both, and that as they could not legally extricate themselves from the Gordian knot, they had mutually determined to cut it. That he wished her all happiness, and should endeavour, by sympathy with another, to seek it himself.' He added, that having received no fortune with her, and her father being in easy circumstances, he was not at the moment able to make her the allowance he could wish; that the sum he then gave her was all he could command; that as the child was an infant, he should for a time leave it in their hands and care, but should at a more advanced age claim it; and they parted on good terms, though not without reproaches and harsh language from the father. Little or no blame as to the melancholy catastrophe that succeeded could therefore be imputed to Shelley; that must fall on her relations, who with the knowledge of her character and conduct, by advice, or other measures, ought to have watched over both. Having once confided her to their superintendence, he might consider, with many others similarly circumstanced, that his responsibility was over. That he did not do so, his compunction, which brought on a temporary derangement, proves."

The passage we have marked in italics, we may here state, on our own responsibility, was the main reason which induced Lord Eldon to pronounce Shelley unfit to have the custody of his own children. But, as far as our memory serves, the expression was not merely in words but in the *litera scripta*, and much stronger and grosser than the author has set it down. It was a heartless and vile utterance, at best, to the young wife of his bosom and the mother of his infants; but it was infinitely more abhorrent if it told that a mercenary prostitution of those physical charms which had once gratified his lusts might serve to render a provision for their wants, on his part, the less necessary. The papers in Chancery are still in existence; and must be among those of the lawyer (query Mr. Chitty?) who drew

up the case for Mr. Westbrook, the Suicide's father. "The bill filed and the answer to it (as Capt. M. remarks, p. 200), would, if they could be procured, be most interesting." \* \*

"This is a case (pronounced Lord Eldon), in which the matter appears to me the father's principles cannot be misunderstood; in which his conduct, which I cannot but consider as highly immoral, has been established in proof, and established as the effect of those principles; conduct, nevertheless, which he represents to himself and to others, not as conduct to be considered as immoral, but to be recommended and observed in practice, and as worthy of approbation. I consider this, therefore, as a case in which the father has demonstrated that he must and does deem it to be a matter of duty, which his principles impose on him, to recommend to those whose opinions and habits he may take upon himself to form, that conduct, in some of the most important relations of life, as moral and virtuous, which the law calls upon me to consider as immoral and vicious,—conduct which the law animadvert upon, as inconsistent with the duties of parents in such relations of life, and which it considers as injuriously affecting both the interests of such persons, and those of the community."

"I cannot, therefore, think that I shall be justified in delivering over these children for their education, exclusively, to what is called the care, to which Mr. Shelley wishes them to be entrusted."

The author reviles the Chancellor for this illegal decision, and argues that:

"With the exception of Shelley's separation from—called a desertion of, his wife, and the writing and printing—for it was never published—of 'Queen Mab,' no act of immorality was proved against him; and, in confirmation of Byron's opinion, that he was one of the most moral men he ever knew, I can certainly say, that as far as my experience of him goes, and it extended through his whole life, with the exception only of a very few years, both in example and moral precept, in a high sense of honour and regard to truth, and all the qualities of a refined and perfect gentleman, no one could have been a better guide and instructor of youth."

We hope the Government will take these ideas and suggestions into consideration, whilst organizing their new plans for National education; and we would venture to recommend them to Mr. Kaye Shuttleworth, who might, perhaps, like to associate the writer with himself in the mission on which he is so seriously engaged! But we must follow the tide of events. Mr. Shelley soon adopted the solacing course he had indicated his intention to pursue:

"On the 28th of July, 1814, he, as appears by the second volume of the Posthumous Works, left London, accompanied by the present Mrs. Shelley, the daughter of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, and another lady. With that contempt of danger from an element ever his delight, which characterised him, he embarked with them in an open boat from Dover, and not without exposure to a gale of wind on the passage, succeeded in reaching Calais, and thence proceeded to Paris. There, after remaining a week, they resolved to walk through France. He went to the Marché des Herbes, purchased an ass, and thus pilgrimaging, the gipsy party started for Charenton. There, finding the quadruped useless, they sold it, purchased a mule, and continued their peregrinations."

We may as well mention here that the other lady had afterwards an intrigue with, and bore a daughter to, Lord Byron. For Shelley's part in the affair (for we hear nothing of his abhorrence of seduction in this case) we are asked:

"May it not be observed of Shelley, that he had but one thought, and that was Love—Love in its most comprehensive sense,—Love, the sole

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law that should govern the moral world, as it does the universe? Love was his very essence. He worshipped Love. He saw personified in all things, animate and inanimate, the Love that was his being and his bane. He, under the idealism of the spirit of Solitude, in Alastor, paints his longing after the discovery of his antitype, the meeting with an understanding capable of clearly estimating the deductions of his own; an imagination which could enter upon, and seize the subtle and delicate peculiarities which he had delighted to cherish and unfold in secret; with a frame, whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, should vibrate with the vibration of his own, and a combination of all these in such proportion as the type within demands."

Subtle idealism, truly, not to allude to the Guiccioli companionship with her father and brother, in the villa or palace as it might be:—a free gipsy life,—seduction and children, all ideal. The captain's friends, male and female, congregated in Switzerland together:

"The poets were not always singly, or but accompanied by each other, in the boat. Their water excursions were enlivened by the presence of the ladies, and Polidori sometimes made one of the party."

"The similarity of the destinies of Shelley and Byron, contributed to cement their friendship. Both were parted from their children. Both were marks for the world's obloquy; one was self-exiled for ever, the other soon about to be so. Their pursuits were congenial, they had

"Been cradled into poetry by wrong,  
And learnt by suffering what they taught in song."

"They both sought and found in solitude and nature a balm for their wounded spirits. No wonder, then, that in this absolute retirement they were so seldom apart. They spent their mornings on the lake, their evenings in their own intellectual circle; and thus, as Byron said, he passed that summer more rationally than at any period of his life."

The author has strange notions of "solitude," for he continues:

"In this account of Shelley's three months residence at Geneva, I cannot pass over in silence a circumstance that occurred there,—Lord Byron's *liaison* with Miss Clara C—— a near connection,—not, as Mr. Moore says, a near relative—of Mrs. Shelley. I remember her in 1820, living in *pension* at Florence, then twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. She might have been mistaken for an Italian, for she was a *brunette* with very dark hair and eyes. Her history was then a profound secret, but as it has been told by Lord Byron's historian, may find a place here without any indiscretion on my part. As she possessed considerable accomplishments—spoke French and Italian, particularly the latter, with all its *nuances* and niceties—she was much courted by the Russian coterie, a numerous and fashionable one in that city. Though not strictly handsome at that time, for she had had much to struggle with, and mind makes its ravages in the fairest, most, she was engaging and pleasing, and possessed an *esprit de société* rare among our countrywomen. From her personal appearance at that time, I should conceive, that when Byron formed an intimacy with her at Geneva in 1816, she must have been strikingly handsome. It has been supposed that his sonnet to Geneva was intended for her; and though in some respects the portrait is unlike, in drawing her, the noble poet might not perhaps wish to make it too faithful, to be recognised. She was not altogether a stranger to Byron when they met at Secheron; for, as he was about to quit London for the continent, in the spring of that year, after his mysterious repudiation by Lady Byron, she had an interview with him, for the purpose of obtaining

an engagement at Drury Lane, where I have no doubt she would have distinguished herself as an actress; but which object, his recent resignation of office as chairman of the committee of management, precluded him, as he explained to her, from forwarding. She had accompanied the Shelleys, as may be already conjectured, on this their tour, and passed the summer with them at Mont Allegra; and here it was that Byron's acquaintance with this lady was renewed. I do not accuse him of any systematic seduction as regards Miss C. She was of fearless and independent character; despised the opinion of the world, looking upon the law of marriage as of human invention, having been early imbued with the doctrines of Mary Wollstonecraft, and entertaining high notions of the rights of women. The sex are fond of rakes: a strange infatuation! It is said that Byron's attentions were irresistible; and when they were enhanced by verses, the very essence of feeling, Clara's fall could not be doubtful.

"I have reason to believe, however, that this intrigue was carried on with the greatest secrecy; and that neither the Shelleys nor Polidori were for a long time privy to it: perhaps, also, it arose out of some momentary frailty and impulse, from some fatal 'importunity and opportunity,' in which the senses rather than the heart were engaged—a momentary intoxication, that the dictates of returning reason cooled into indifference on both sides.

"The mystery, however, could not be kept, even if at the latter end of August—they landed, I think, in England, on the 6th of September—it was one; for the mystery soon revealed itself. She gave birth in due time to a daughter, who was called Allegra, from Mont Allegra.

"Some foul and infamously calumnious slander, relating to this *accouchement*, gave rise to the dark insinuations afterwards thrown out in the *Quarterly Review*, by the writer of the critique on the 'Revolt of Islam,' where the lampooner says, at the conclusion of the article, 'If we might withdraw the veil of private life, and tell all we know about Shelley, it would be indeed a disgusting picture that we should exhibit; but it would be an unanswerable comment to our text,' for 'it is not easy for those who read only, to conceive how much low selfishness, how much unmanly cruelty, are consistent with the laws of this universal and lawless love.'

"This prying into private life, and founding on senseless gossip, such foul and infamous accusations, was unworthy of the most scurrilous of those weekly journals that pander to the evil passions of society; but most disgraceful to a review of so high a character as the *Quarterly*. Shelley had been, however, as I have mentioned above, long before the appearance of this article, a victim to the scandal. With his contempt of the world's opinion, where he felt a consciousness of no wrong, as far as regarded this unfortunate connexion, he bore the obloquy unflinchingly, rather than divulge what he had given his word to Lord Byron to conceal. Allegra, when a few months old, was carried by a Swiss nurse, and delivered to Lord Byron, then at Venice.

"No part of Lord Byron's conduct is more enigmatical than his neglect of this interesting young woman; and the reason of his making no settlement on the mother of his child, after withdrawing it from her care, is one of the problems I leave others to solve in this riddle of a man."

What contradictions are here: why, if the writer were earnestly endeavouring to justify the severe and stinging criticism in the *Quarterly Review*, he could not do it more effectually! To ruin and desert women, to have offspring from their credulous love or braving of moral opinion, and then to desert and leave them to poverty or self-destruction,—how can Man dare to offer a

defence for such atrocious cruelty? Show me your company, and I will tell what you are—*absit omen* from others of whom we and the world would wish to entertain better thoughts. And list how they speak of each other:

"Childe Harold and Beppo are not more different characters than were the Byron of Geneva, and the Byron of Venice. Mr. Moore, who has delighted to rake up all the filthy details of his low amours in that degraded city, of which Shelley speaking, says, 'he had no conception of the excess to which avarice, cowardice, superstition, ignorance, powerless lust, and all the brutality which degrade human nature, could be carried, till he had passed a few days there.' He has also drawn a portrait of his noble poet friend, which reminds us of what Chesterfield said of Bolingbroke: 'His youth was there distracted by the tumult and storm of pleasures in which he most licentiously triumphed, devoid of all decorum. His fine imagination often heated and exhausted the body in deifying the prostitute of the night, and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagance of frantic Bacchanals. His passions injured both his understanding and character.'

In miscellaneous conduct Shelley was not licentious, and in conversation he is further said to have hated indecency. For his religion we learn:

"Shelley showed me a treatise he had written, of some length, on the Life of Christ, and which Mrs. Shelley should give to the world. In this work he differs little from Paulus, Strauss, and the Rationalists of Germany. The first of these has been for fifty years professor of divinity in the university of Heidelberg, and is venerated with honours due to his talents and exemplary virtues; the latter once filled the theological chair at Zurich, from which he was ousted by the Jesuits.

"The new sect which has lately sprung up, with Ronge at its head, whose doctrines were running like wildfire through the Confederation, but are now at the ebb-tide,—this New Catholicism which it was once proposed by the Baden Chamber to make one of the religions of the state, proves the wide dissemination which Rationalism has had, and the revolution in men's minds in Germany. Rongeism is only a more extended form of Unitarianism.

"But the Rongeists go far beyond the Unitarians or Rationalists, and have so refined away the tenets of our religion, discarding prophecy, miracles, the divinity of our Saviour, and the atonement, that they can scarcely be denominated Christians.

"Shelley, in this treatise, does no more than Strauss, Paulus, and Ronge; he indeed treats the subject with more respect than either, and although he may reduce Christianity to a code of morals, how does he differ in so doing from the Unitarians, though I am aware that this by some casuistry they do not admit?

"But without entering on this discussion, which might lead me too far out of the track, I can say, with reference to Shelley, that whatever his early opinions might have been, he, on becoming a Platonist, firmly believed in a future state."

It must be so, Plato; thou reasonest well.

Thus his Epipsychidion (which fell still-born from the press) is the apotheosis of love:

"Emilia, a mere creature of his imagination, in whom he idealised Love in all its intensity of passion. His feelings towards the Psycho herself, was, as may be seen by Letter XL. of his correspondence, a purely Platonic one. He calls the Epipsychidion a mystery, and says, 'As to real flesh and blood, you know that I do not deal in those articles. Expect nothing human or earthly from me,' &c. His love for Emilia, if such it can in the general acceptance of the term be called, was of the kind described in the

Symposium by Socrates, who defines it 'as a desire of generation in the Beautiful.'

Well done Plato, well done the ideal! But if the unrestrained indulgence of this desire should be generally or universally allowed, we fear that the human world would soon resemble a herd of deer in the season, a barn-yard with twenty fighting cocks, or a den or desert of savage beasts, equally inflamed in regard of does, hens, and lionesses, or tigresses.

"O! Pleasure but thou art a pleasant thing," says Byron; but we do not think that Byron, Shelley, or any of the school would have liked to contend for it to the full extent of the struggles and conflicts involved in the precept of the Symposium. Even in the circumscribed circle described in these volumes we find nearly the whole clique of poets quarrelling, backbiting, envious, dissolute, treacherous towards each other. We trust this is no true picture of them; for we have Rogers, Moore, Campbell, Hobhouse, Byron, Shelley, Keats,\* Leigh Hunt, and the rest all shown up as liars, slanderers, satirists, and revilers of each other in mystifying letters, poems, epigrams, and puns. The quotations in proof of this occupy a fourth of the second volume; but we will not stir the offensive matter:

"Campbell, (who laughed at the idea of Shelley's being a poet, and said of the 'Prometheus Unbound,' 'Who would bind it?') Byron Bardolphed in 'the Erkle's vein,' though occasionally he gives him here and there a sly rap on the knuckles. To wit, 'read 'Campbell's Poets,' marked errors of Tom the author,' &c., and 'Gertrude has no more locality with Pennsylvania than Penmanmaur. It is particularly full of grossly false scenery, as all Americans declare, though they praise parts of the poem,' &c.; and 'the vulgar eye will rest more upon the splendour of the uniform than the quality of the troops;' 'He has spoiled his best things by over-polish.' Is it a wonder that he should have been spoiled by Byron's exaggerated praise, and being ranked by him the second of the sons of light? Campbell, however, in later days, knew well what Byron really thought of him and his works, and after the noble poet's death, took strong part against him.

"Shelley was always indignant at the high rank he assigned to Campbell and Rogers; a rank he has put on record by a diagram or triangular 'Gradus ad Parnassum.'"

"What Byron's early opinion of Moore was, may be judged by the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' where he says, 'Let Moore be lewd,' since altered to, 'Let Moore still sigh,' &c. High rank as he assigns him in his scale of 'gods,' I never head him quote or mention with praise any one of his poems. Of the 'Loves of the Angels,' he says,—"I leave others to circumscribe these angels with their *bonnes fortunes*, to the drawing-room and clerical standard."

"And I have it from good authority, that after Byron's death, he (Moore) flitted about London like an antiquated Cupid new fledged, being hardly able to conceal his delight at the idea of the thousands that event would bring into his pocket. His correspondence with Leigh Hunt was a pretty piece of duplicity; but Hunt was then joint editor of the 'Examiner!'

Capt. Medwin's bitter hostility to Sir John Hobhouse breaks out wherever he is mentioned, and is fully elaborated in this portion of his work: Here is a sample of the mildest:

"But if he be a miserable politician, what shall I say of him as an author? No worse specimens of style or taste are to be found than in his

works, *passim*. Well might Shelley class him with Eustace and Co., and say, alluding to his Nibbi-stolen notes on the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold,' 'the object of which was not to illustrate the poem, but to parade his own learning.' They will tell all the show-knowledge about it, (Rome,) the common stuff of the earth! In his articles, which are numerous, (he has been an indefatigable reviewer, dividing his favours with the most scurrilous ultra-Tory, and the most violent ultra-Radical of the periodicals,—*les extremes se touchent*,) he stands quite alone,—shines in unblushing effrontery of assertion and blackguardism of language."

But things are mending now, and genuine liberalism on the ascendant, in which our author greatly rejoices; for whilst he crows over the rejection of one candidate for parliamentary election, he balances it by satisfaction at the success of another, and informs us:

"At Fox's chapel in Finsbury, I heard two of Shelley's sublime effusions in praise of Liberty, Virtue, and Love, sung as set to hymns. *Tempora mutantur*."

We now hail the approaching conclusion of this article; for a weary day's work it has been to us, with the disgust in reading, and the distress in writing. The appalling *denouement* of Shelley's death, and the pagan rites of his funeral, give the final shock to the revolting scenes and dismal catastrophe, and the abominable commentaries which they have engendered. Every principle of chastity, virtue, truth, decency, humanity, morality, and Christianity, is exhibited in a state of outrage; and we can only repeat that if what is palliated, if not justified, could be tolerated, there must be an end of civilized and social life. We have been reluctantly borne so completely into this view of the publication that we cannot divert ourselves into a notice of its literary qualities. Suffice it to say, that there are many repetitions, some clever criticisms, which show extensive reading, and a curious account of Shelley's unfinished play on the tragedy of Charles I.; with one brief passage from which we conclude:

"Shelley could not reconcile his mind to the beheading of Charles. He looked upon him as the slave of circumstances, as the purest in morals, the most exemplary of husbands and fathers,—great in misfortune, a martyr in death; and could not help contrasting his character and motives with those of the low-minded, counterfeit patriots, the crafty, canting, bad men, who hatched that murderous conspiracy—much less could he make a hero of that arch-hypocrite, Cromwell, or forgive him for aiming at the royal sceptre. He was not blind to the energy of Cromwell's foreign policy, nor insensible to the greatness to which he raised England; but reprobated his unconstitutional use of power, his trampling on all law, by a military despotism more odious than the worst acts of his predecessor. He hated the Puritans,—not their tenets so much as their intolerance. He abominated the atrocities which, on the plea of religion, were perpetrated on the devoted Irish Catholics, and he might have considered as the adder-slime which the Commonwealth spawned, those fit instruments of the vengeance of that sanguinary coward Charles the Second, Scroggs and Guildford, and the still more infamous Jefferys, who sentenced, to a death of lingering torture, Algernon Sidney."

#### ROME AND ITALY.

*Notes of a Residence at Rome in 1846.* By a Protestant Clergyman, Rev. M. Vicary, B.A. Pp. 325. Bentley.

THE indication in the title-page, "a Protestant Clergyman," is a key to this volume. With the disapproval of Romish ceremonies which it implies, it contains, nevertheless, the most particu-

lar account we have met with of the churches of Rome, their decorations, relics, processions, costume of ecclesiastics from pope to monk, convents, nunneries, altars, and pageants. And though censured as idolatrous and superstitious, we do not find in the descriptions any misrepresentation of what is actually performed and visible; and therefore to the curious in such matters we may truly say that Mr. Vicary has furnished a fair year's-picture of the sights and proceedings of the Papal court and popular exhibitions. Other circumstances of a civil and general character are intermingled; but the staple of the book is rightly stated as the result of the attention paid by the author during his sojourn to "the Church Government and Ceremonies" of modern Rome, the city of the Popes, and the capital of the Catholic Church. "It is (he says) the busy hive which has for centuries sent forth her missionaries to accomplish her religious or political purposes; and her triumphs have been often as signal and as sanguinary. It is the capacious nest where those 'Orders' have been hatched, which have enacted a conspicuous part in the history of Europe,—the Dominicans and Jesuits,—names as much given to fame as the philosophic sects of old. At the present time, also, when the Church of England has been assailed and deserted by some of those who should have built her up, a glance at the interior of the Roman Catholic institution may not be unacceptable or without its use."

Rome is so full of churches, we are told, that a different one might be employed for worship every day in the year. But the effect on the national character, according to Mr. Vicary, does not appear to be proportionately beneficial, for he observes:

"It requires a residence in Italy to become acquainted with the underhand and disingenuous nature of the Italian character. No men, at least to a great extent, are so low in the moral scale; nowhere can there be found a greater want of integrity, truth, and honesty. In their dealings with Englishmen the three last principles are entirely thrown overboard; and reckoning our countrymen as persons well able to bear it, they do not scruple to make use of unfair dealing. Numberless cases of flagrant injustice have come under my notice; I mean cases of contract for houses and lodgings violated and falsified, and among classes where one would not expect it,—so universal is the taint, or the appetite to over-reach John Bull. The English consul has no power where natives are concerned, so the maltreated Englishman is left to have recourse to laws whose language he is not conversant with, and whose justice all precedents assure him is one-sided.

"The wealthy English pay these enormous demands, or pocket their affronts; but to the artist or the invalid, the person of small means, they are most serious evils. The Romans know that we have no one to apply to, and hence, in almost every case, there is some breach of faith, with its consequent annoyances. This system would all be put an end to, the ill-got gains of the Papal subjects would cease, if the *Inglesse* had their ambassadors, armed with powers to decide and punish."

In another chapter the author remarks:

"It seems a problem to discover how the mass of the lower orders maintain themselves. They are ever idly disposed and seldom occupied. To be sure, their wants are satisfied at a small price, where both wine and bread—the common food—are cheap and abundant. But dishonesty generally prevails, and the wealthy, no doubt, without either their knowledge or assent, contribute to their subsistence. One great cause of the idle habits which characterise the peasantry and the populace is the frequently occurring festivals of the Church. A week seldom passes over without two or three; upon which the

\* Capt. Medwin laughs, as the *Literary Gazette* has always done, at the absurd assertion, that Keats was slain by a notice in the *Quarterly Review*. He died of consumption a year and a half after that second assassination by the "Reverend Murderer" (so declared by Capt. Medwin,) who wrote the reviews of Shelley and him, and who is plainly indicated to be the Rev. M. Milman.



shops are closed and all business suspended,—the only active individuals to be met with being the various orders of the priesthood, from the cardinal to the curate. On these days they lie in the sun like the *lazzaroni* at Naples, or "*cargant diem*" in playing the game of *pallone*. The ceremonies of the Church are the chief concern, and everything else is but of secondary importance.

"The consequences of this system are everywhere visible. Agriculture is neglected, the people in a wretched condition; the level and rich plains which stretch away from the walls to the mountains are deserted; not a field is to be found in a state of tillage, with the exception of the gardens and grounds of the few villas which lie contiguous to the city. Though in summer these plains are unhealthy, nature has endowed them with great fertility, and they would be capable of producing the vine or the olive in profusion, and corn for the supply of the city. But these truths escape the notice of all, and the only tenants of the extensive Campagna are a few herds of buffaloes. The eye will not rest on a farm-house for miles; the only symptoms of life and animation are the shepherds and the flock. Not a tree is to be seen over this wide surface watered by the golden Tiber and many tributary streams, where the chestnut might supply the wants of thousands, or forests be reared for the fuel of the inhabitants.

"It would look as if the open country lay exposed to the incursions of banditti or wild beasts, as is the case in an African colony, and that all fled for refuge to the towns. This supposition, however, is without foundation, as the robbing system is on the wane in Italy. The people want enterprise, because they want encouragement. They are still active and intellectual where occasion calls for it. And if the government, instead of wasting the finances upon the embellishment of churches, would promote rewards for industry, or improve the instruments of husbandry, and protect the well-disposed, the aspect of the country would soon undergo a beneficial change, the state obtain a better class of subjects, while the advance in individual happiness would be such as a numerous population have a just claim to, and would surpass the expectation of the most sanguine.

"Such results, however, I fear, must be hoped for in vain. The Church is the dial that regulates everything in this land. It is a fixed star,—itself incapable of change or amelioration,—which has transferred its unyielding nature and properties to other institutions. There is nothing so much dreaded in Rome as novelty. Novelty or change in agriculture or commerce would probably produce novelty in opinions, and thus lead to novelty—to a reformation of religion. Hence, to the prejudice or caution which sways the Papal cabinet, it seems far better to leave the country in its present miserable state, than, by improving it, run any hazard to themselves or their Church. Consequently, the only harvest that they reap, and will be likely long to do, are political commotions and general depravity. It is this system that fills the gaols, replenishes the galleys, and does not suffer the executioner's hands to be idle for lack of employment.

"Rome ought to be, and probably is reckoned by many unacquainted with it, a model for other countries in the management of its institutions, and in the order of its population. Where religion is borne upon every breeze, and a clerical vestment brushes your coat every ten minutes, a moral feeling may be thought to run through society, and to regulate the practice of all. The prisons, however, never empty, tell a different tale. It is very unpleasant, in passing through the streets, to see the objects that are cooped up in them, crowding to the windows for air, and in some cases asking a *bacio* of the passengers, as if their keepers do not sufficiently supply the wants of nature.

"The dress of the convicts and prisoners is a coarse striped cloth, and in most cases they are fettered two by two. The able-bodied who are under sentence of confinement for life, or a less term, are engaged in the public works. They generally have their offence written upon their backs. To one who asked something of me as I passed, and who looked sufficiently miserable, I gave a small coin, but felt very unpleasant when in walking away I read the word "*Homicidio*" upon his back.

"There is a large prison in the Strada Giulia; another on the south bank of the Tiber, near the church of Santa Maria in Trastevere; one on the Via Ostia, near the church of St. Paul's; an extensive one at Campidoglio, mostly for political offenders. The Castle of Saint Angelo, formerly the mausoleum of Adrian, is also used as a prison. There is another as you enter from the San Lorenzo road. This is pretty well for a population not amounting to an hundred and fifty thousand, and proves incontestably the state of society under the paternal government of the Popes.

"Italy, although full of beauty, has always been full of crime."

With regard to the States of the Church, however, we may remind our readers that a Pope of another kind has arisen since Mr. Vicary wrote, and that Italy, from one end to the other, is, at the present moment, in a more lively and important state of transition than at any period within the memory of man. Carbonari insurrections and other conspiracies which we have witnessed or heard of, were but vain issues compared with the existing state of things. The whole country is ripe for change and revolution, and it will depend much, not only on its rulers, but on the dispositions of the great European Powers, what turn affairs may take, and whether it may be immediate or postponed for a season. But clear it is, that Italy cannot long remain as it is. The elements of change, though diversified, prevail in every part. They affect the governments as well as the people. They are working throughout the interior, and draw foreign relations into the vortex. In short, with the phenomenon of a liberal Pope, with statesman-like reformers to rescue the principle from the hands of rash and too often unprincipled adventurers, and carry it out calmly and wisely, the trusting world may now indulge in auspicious hopes for this splendid country, once its entire mistress, and still in a condition to become one of its brightest and most efficient members.\*

We have now only to repeat for those who may desire to read ample descriptions of Roman church festivals and ceremonies, that they will find them well detailed in this volume.

## SPORTING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

We concluded our first notice with the prospect of exhibiting some passages more creditable to Mr. Hall, than those upon which we felt it to be our indispensable duty to animadvert somewhat severely. The egotism of the writer might have been passed over as a common triviality; but it excites one's choler to meet with a gentleman, probably without design, and in the mere wantonness of animal spirits illregulated by good sense, misrepresenting a country, and disparaging a people. Perhaps the author does not possess the intellect to form a proper idea of either. From his description of himself, he seems to be a light weight, riding something over 8 stone, a most daring kill-devil in the chase, a most vigorous sportsman with the gun, a most adroit fisher with the rod, a most perfect Heliogabalus at the

\* We may here notice a stirring pamphlet by L. Mariotti, (pp. 24, J. Ollivier) which under the title of "Latest News from Italy," takes a hopeful view of the progress of affairs in that country, and warmly advocates an immediate and hostile resistance to Austria.

table, a most fascinating Apollo in the ball-room, a Hercules in gymnastics, an Adonis with the sex; in short, a finished English Exquisite, *olim* Dandy. Well, then, we might be wrong in expecting from an individual of this sort a very correct view of the rude manners of the *Ultimo Thule*, or a fair estimate of the people of Scotland. It was all very well whilst he was regaled and attended in the lordly castle, but when he came to roughing it over rocky mountains and across turbulent streams, to be wet through with Scottish mists and hardly dried till he was wet again, to be offered the whisky instead of the champagne and claret glass, to be fed on braccy, and to sleep in little dirty apartments devoid of toilet for such as he, and it may be with a broken pane or two to augment the want of accommodation: it was no wonder that the Hercules got confoundedly tired, the Apollo out of order, and the Adonis for "ladies' love unfit." Then does he vent his humours on the land of cakes, on the poor little inn at Inveroran, on the wild Glencoe, and delightful Ballahulish, with its picturesque granite mountains, washed by the dashing wave; and yet go on bragging away as if he were a Nimrod or a Rob Roy, whom no hardship could weary and no danger intimidate. This is the absurdity of the book; the gross contradiction of the incompetent chronicler of the highlands, and highland sports.

Whilst upon this subject we may bestow a few words on a question, which has justly attracted popular attention, and is one of paramount public interest in so far as they are concerned. The highlands have been in many parts depopulated, for the sake of introducing the breeding and pasturage of sheep on a large scale. This tendency has been to a certain degree counter-balanced by the creeping of agriculture towards the north and up the hill-sides from many a fertile strath, and stream-refreshed gullet. But the modern mania, which leads to the extinction or expatriation of the inhabitants, to make way for deserts of deer-stalking, is an evil against which every patriotic Briton ought to set his face. If

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;

how much worse must that land fare where men decay, not that wealth may accumulate, but that a feudal system may be introduced as odious as the Norman forests of a Rufus. It seems to us too monstrous for toleration in our "snug little island," and the middle of the 19th century, when free trade, too, has become a portion of the constitution of England. Attendant upon this encroachment we ought farther to point with reprobation to the insolent assertion of power, which would stop the artist, or the man of science, or the mere tourist for pleasurable recreation, from journeying over the heathery, unfenced, and uninjurably wilds of the north. Any attempts to convert the highlands into enclosures like Grosvenor or Portman Square, and make trespassers of harmless pedestrians, committing no offence, and incapable, even if so inclined, to do damage to the amount of a pin's fee, ought to be put down at once by the voice of an indignant public. Too many commons for exercise, health, and other advantages have been robbed from the people of England; and it is rather too much to try to take the boundless Scottish highlands from us "at one fell swoop." There are plenty of princely preserves, without carrying the privilege of property to this disgusting extent, and we trust it will not be persevered in.\*

\* Our English readers ought to be aware that what are called *Deer Forests*, are not forests in the southern sense of the word, but vast expanses of unwooded country, with lofty and rugged mountains, with difficulty accessible to the foot of man. Of these nature has supplied the proper and legitimate fields in such districts as Braemar, Glenartney, and the Black Mount, where agriculture is impossible, pasturage employed as far as the soil will permit, and there is neither occasion for, nor temptation to estab-

But we must now return to Mr. Hall, who, we dare say, would undertake to hunt the whole country *suo periculo*, without saying "with your leave," or "by your leave," just as he shot the Marquis of Breadalbane's grouse and blackcocks, and made them a present to the wife and daughter of the London Cit whom he bamboozled on the Black Mount.

They have caught and brought home a strong mountain hare unscathed, and we are informed

"When the day had nearly closed, we found ourselves again on the grassy park immediately fronting the Castle; and as the fast receding light of an autumnal evening left us but little time for consideration, we determined at once to settle our affairs with the gentleman in the basket, whom we had removed from his stony hiding-place. Among the canine race then enjoying a *sojourn* in the Meggernie kennels, were two well-bred greyhound pups. These had hitherto scarcely ever seen a hare; certainly they had never tasted the excitement of an actual chase. We determined therefore on forthwith granting them this pleasing amusement, with the true spirit of "doing to others, &c.,"—and we certainly had had our quantum of sport: ergo, the aspirants for future fame at Altcar were produced and secured in slips, and a graceful pair of puppies indeed were they! On the cover of the basket being lifted, away went puss, without hesitation, doubtless nothing loth—like what shall we say? like the *diable*!—no! like an uncommonly strong and speedy hare, who had been well frightened, but not injured or disheartened by a few hours' imprisonment. The slips were loosed: Nature taught the rest, and away flew the puppies, proving well their good breeding by stamina and fleetness. Twice had the snow-white hare been turned, when again she stretched before her eager pursuers, immediately in front of the Castle where we stood, as if determined to swim for life across the river, rather than die by such young foes—when lo! a new enemy appeared on the field of action, who soon decided the question. The scene was truly one of amusement: we had at the moment entirely forgotten that, previous to leaving the Castle in the morning, a favourite and first-rate greyhound bitch, then heavy with pup, had been left in one of the rooms fronting the park, where the chase was then proceeding. The window of this room had unfortunately been left open, inasmuch as, being from eighteen to twenty feet from the ground, it was never imagined that an animal in her state would endeavour to escape therefrom: nevertheless, we were deceived; she managed, on hearing the halloo which sounded through the glen as encouragement to the young dogs, to raise herself on her hind legs and look out. The scene which presented itself was doubtless most satisfactory to her mind, for not a moment did she hesitate. Out from the window she sprang, heavy as she was, and alighted without injury on her feet: a few strides she made across the park, straight for the hare, which was running at right angles to her. They met, and in an instant it was flung high in the air. Breathless with astonishment, the pups stopped their rapid career, and gazed on the lifeless body of their prey; whereas the old lady, none the worse for her prowess, walked quietly back towards the Castle, as much as to say—"That's the way to do the trick, young 'uns! go, get your suppers, and recollect the lesson." This self-same bitch has figured in the Coursing Calendar, as the

fish, human settlements. In such places the wild animals may fitly be preserved for the noblest of manly sports; but when tracts of fertile land, refreshed by fine streams, and enclosing lochs swarming with fish and sites most eligible for the support of a numerous population, are turned into deserts for mere feudal pomp in the chase, and travellers are forbidden as trespassers to visit the beautiful scenery of the land, every voice ought to be raised against so unparliamentary and selfish an encroachment upon common rights.—Ed. L. G.

winner of many a stake; and the pups she produced on this occasion, only one week after this window-fight, all proved very superior dogs."

And here is a specimen of the enthusiastic. "With our kind conductor, we skirted a great portion of the thick wood or covert, our companions also being appointed to favourable localities for the passing of the deer; and at length we found ourselves fairly ensconced in a thicket, from which we commanded the crossing of two long rides or paths, cut in the recesses of the forest; and a multitude of beaters being thrown in, Heavens knows where, we awaited the coming of the sovereign of the glen—barring Glenmoriston himself. What passed beyond, as thus we lay secluded in that retired spot, we cannot here recount, inasmuch as a monthly volume of the 'Colonial Library' would not admit of it. But as long as the breath of life remains to us—and we would wish to speak our natural feelings, though many may say 'stuff!'—we shall never forget that day. Half an hour elapsed in pleasing dialogue, in a sort of demi-tone. A joke was passed—a smothered laugh—the proposal to light a cigar. The deer will smell the smoke: their scent is very acute. Nevertheless, we both wished it. How dreadfully cold! Never mind, a shot will warm you. We sink knee-deep in wet! Ah, that's nothing, when you're used to it! be patient. Well we might! an hour elapsed, and not a sound. Can we be well placed? Decidedly so—none better. We are frozen! Never mind.

"Hark! a shout! Bang! The sound died away. We started up—held the rifle firmly. Look out! A blackcock passed us. 'D—n those blackcocks!' at any other time how welcome! Another shout—another bang! Half an hour more elapsed—we could scarcely brave it longer. Frozen—half-drowned—the first hour's merriment began to flag. Had we only been allowed a cigar! but then red-deer are not fond of the smell of baccy. We coughed.—You must not cough! We sneezed.—No sneezing! We danced.—You must not dance. This is forest deer-shooting, is it? A jungle, for all we cared. Alas! how long we had desired such luck! but then, like the child who cries for a toy, having obtained it, we could have flung the treasure away. But as yet we had not obtained it. Two hours had we remained in this damp and cold seclusion, when, lo! a louder report saluted our anxious ears; close at hand the echo came, and all our miseries were about to cease.

"Be patient—for Heaven's sake, be calm!" said our young companion, 'or you will miss him.'

"We have heard the whistling ball, which tells of danger past, fly harmless o'er our head in scenes of bloodshed and danger—we have heard the shriek of agony occasioned by its paralyzing stroke—we have seen death busy in the ranks of men, and have known the hour of agony and pain: in such moments we have thought of home and loved ones far away, and the heart has beat quick, and the nerves have been unstrung. We have also felt the joys of pride and pleasure, and known, which many ne'er can count, moments of joy and excitement, which repay, and well repay, for long, long hours of bitterness and anxiety. Yet, though folly it may be to declare it, never have we felt half the feverish excitement that was caused us at the moment when, looking up the open forest side which lay in our front, we beheld the approach of about twenty red-deer coming towards us at full speed. Perhaps it was the cold—perhaps the wet, or the long waiting—we know not which; but so nervous were we, that scarcely could we lift the rifle to our shoulder. We managed, however, to shake off partially this feeling which unnerved us, and, bringing the rifle to the shoulder, prepared for the coming deer."

He finally kills or wounds a deer: at least the laird writes him a complimentary, though rather dubious letter, on the subject, and sends him a haunch and pair of antlers. Elsewhere, our author paints his portrait in the Highlands as indulging much in smoking tobacco of the finest names, and reading Dumas's romances. Of a snuggery in December, and of himself in this sort of egotistical indulgence, he is kind enough to acquaint the public.

"Snug enough and warm enough, we must admit, notwithstanding the bitter cold which reigned without: for the room which, for a season, we claimed as our own, measured somewhat less than twelve feet by eight; and while a fire blazed on the hearth, big enough and bright enough to roast a New Year's sirloin, curtains, shutters, and doors were closed. Moreover, as if determined to make the best of the warmth, our legs were deposited on the hob, not far distant from the top of the chimney-piece—our back reclined on a soft and well-cushioned arm-chair; and while in our right hand we held for perusal the 'Chateau d'If,' our left secured a Meerschaum, small in size, but well filled with c'naster, from which, ever and anon, the perfumed smoke curled up towards the ceiling, and served to brighten an imagination already well-nigh extended to the full, from the interest of the book we were perusing. This was the extent of our indulgences, for today we never drink, or ought else, while smoking; and although c'naster may not come quite up to the mark of more refined lovers of the aromatic weed, we find it cheaper, and it serves our purpose well.

"We have already taken leave to remark, that we have not the power of placing mere simple facts before our readers in any other form than that in which they actually presented themselves to us, or of putting words in the mouths of men otherwise than as we heard them spoken; therefore must we leave our friends to tell their own tales, and call on memory for a faithful delineation of what they told.

"A fine curl of smoke had just risen in small circles towards the ceiling of our snuggery, forced up rapidly at the last moment doubtless from a more vehement puff, caused by an exciting passage from the pen of Dumas, when the door opened, and a smiling face peeped into the room—a mild, an amiable face it was—and then a cough, doubtless the effect of the smoke. A hand was extended, and a hearty welcome given.

"How is it possible you can exist in such an atmosphere? Cold as it is unquestionably without, this room is like a baker's oven, and the smoke is more dense than the mist on the mountain top."

"Precisely: we were at this very moment on the top of Monte Christo, and a most treasurable mount it is."

"Well, however interesting, put aside your book, and let me open the door, for I am half stifled; and then tell me, are you up to a ramble?"

"A ramble? Decidedly. Where and when?"

"Why, as to the where, I have frequently heard you express an intense desire to cross Corryarrick, and 'tombor,' as the French have it, on Killyawhoimin or Fort Augustus, previous to leaving the Highlands—a desire in which I eagerly participate."

"Cross Corryarrick thus late in the season!"

"And kill an old woman."

"More likely to kill two young men; but are you in earnest? are you serious in your intentions? for if such an excursion be practicable thus late in the season, the very difficulties which present themselves are sufficient to induce us at once to desire to participate in your wanderings; and, above all things, we are anxious to see a snow-storm on the mountains."

The cigar divan and the December tempest on



the mountain top seem to us to associate ill together; but we have done enough for this work, and conclude with only one extract more, an account of a drunken debauch under circumstances which rather add to than take away from its ungraciousness. After a severe day's chase of game, the party having been hospitably entertained, we read as follows:

"We therefore turned our horse's head from the battle-field, and leisurely pursued our route towards a neighbouring Highland Castle, where we had been kindly invited to sojourn for the night. And never shall we forget our visit there, as long as memory with life exists. Having arrived at the portals of this truly splendid abode, situated in one of the most romantic and beautiful localities in Scotland, at no great distance from Dunkeld, we gave our horse to the servant in attendance, and thence proceeded to divest ourselves of the paraphernalia and dirt of the chase; and having substituted a more comfortable garb, we were welcomed by our host in an apartment, the decorations, valuable pictures, and objects of *virtu* in which, would not have discredited the mansion of the richest peer of the realm. Having said this much, we may add that a similar appearance of elegance and wealth evinced itself in all other parts of the castle, even to the bed-rooms, where comfort and even luxury abounded. To make our tale more readily understood, however, in its truthfulness and quaintness, we must add, without intentional offence, that while the proprietor of this noble chateau was absent, the duties of offering the well-known hospitality which generally there abounded, were left to the care of a younger brother, who, with many admirable qualities and most perfect breeding in manner and conduct, nevertheless fully carried out in practice, on most occasions, the theoretical national cognomen of 'Canny Scotchman.' Thus, our expectations, as far as gastronomic indulgences were concerned, certainly bore no comparison with the luxuries and comforts by which on all sides we were surrounded; therefore, after having been warmly greeted by our host, we were by no means surprised at his assertion to the guests assembled, that he had nothing better to offer them than boiled rabbits, with which the estate supplied his table most abundantly. Yet knowing full well the parsimonious character which he bore in the neighbourhood—although there are few better repasts than rabbits stewed with onions—as we looked around on the hungry faces of the company, and knew that our own appetite at this moment would have enabled us to eat our grandmother similarly stewed, we certainly felt, as the last word in the marriage ceremony informs us, amazed. But still more so, in addition to our gratification, when, on crossing a fine entrance-hall, filled with ancient and curious implements of war and of the chase, on the dining-room being thrown open, we beheld a large round table abundantly supplied with covers; in fact, on this occasion, a most ample and well-cooked repast was served, and we all set to with a vigour and determination to do justice to the viands, and honour to the absent laird, whose well-known liberality we felt could alone have been the means of securing to us so many creature comforts.

"Now, it so happened, that one of the expected guests, a gallant Major of Infantry, who had joined in the chase of the morning, having lingered too long in the vain hope of discovering that we had been mistaken in our conviction of the deer's having crossed the Tay, did not reach the castle till we had made considerable havoc with a salmon fresh that morning from the river, and whose richness we were endeavouring to correct with just one *gout* of most excellent Cognac. The first glance at our hungry party convinced the soldier, and with reason, that no delay could be admitted for ablution or personal adorn-

ment, so he forthwith joined us at the table—booted and spurred, splashed, and in scarlet.

"It would be difficult to explain at this remote period, the reason, if reason there existed, for such a cause; yet it was nevertheless apparent, that while the addition of the officer to the assembled company increased their merriment, it also increased the determination of the whole party to do ample justice to the good things so unexpectedly, yet abundantly, provided. Moreover, the reported character of our host's love of keeping his siller in his pouch, appeared—whether out of frolic or maliciousness, we will not presume to decide—to have caused so exciting a thirst to overcome the guests, that a bottle of claret was scarcely placed upon the table ere it was emptied; and this with such rapid succession, that an anxious, nervous, muscular twitching in the face of the absent laird's brother soon became too evident to be mistaken. This fact, however, only increased the ardour of attack; and the midnight hour was therefore near at hand ere we retired from the dining-room to the handsomely furnished drawing-room already named. The excitement, however, aided by the libations of claret so copiously imbibed by all, tended only to increase a desire for further excitement; and smoking was not only proposed, but acceded to.

"To quit, however, the easy and luxurious seats in which he had ensconced ourselves was out of the question: and by this time, the juicy grape had so happy an influence on our host, that, admitting his pocket to be generally closed, his heart was decidedly open on this occasion, to any desire, however strange, on the part of his guests. Long Turkish pipes, the humble clay, and the Havannah cigar, were therefore at once supplied—and as strange a scene presented itself as ever was, or perhaps ever will be, seen in this magnificent Highland sporting quarter.

"Comfortably ensconced in a most luxurious arm-chair, sat, or rather lounged, the gallant officer, in full hunting costume, with a clay pipe in his mouth, from which the curling fumes of Dutch Cut wafted in clouds towards a beautiful sporting piece by Murillo, which adorned the opposite wall: in another equally luxurious chair, reclined a young English tourist, with a cherry-stick a yard and a half long, at the end of which was a small Turkish bowl resting on a table of immense value, formed of mosaic, and which had been purchased and conveyed to its then resting-place at an enormous expense; and in another part of the room, at full length on a sofa, cigar in mouth, reposed a third guest in the full enjoyment of his aromatic weed, while he calmly admired a hunting-piece by Teniers, which hung over one of the fireplaces: in the centre of the room, a party of four prepared themselves to try a hand at whist; as an ancient servant of the family entered with a jug of boiling water, and sundry black bottles containing brandy and whisky, as a finale to the festivities had already been so copiously enjoyed.

"Fatigued by the sports of the day, however, and excited beyond our general custom from the share we had taken in the endeavour to inebriate the host—no very courteous act for his hospitality, by-the-bye—we availed ourselves of the opportunity of escaping to our downy couch, in order to prepare ourselves for a journey on the morrow. Being over-heated and feverish from our libations, however, sleep was out of the question, and at an early hour we sallied forth to take a look at the magnificent scenery by which the castle is on all sides surrounded, as well as to walk along the beautiful terrace which skirts the river Tay.

"The fresh breezes of the morning soon revived us, and renewed appetite warned us the hour of breakfast was at hand. With this hope we turned towards the castle, and reached the dining-room, the scene of the previous night's

entertainment: not a soul, however, had made his appearance; at length one, and then another entered, like ourselves, anxious to revive themselves with the morning meal. Thus an hour passed; neither our host nor the gallant soldier, however, greeted us; the bell was rung and answered, but the laird was not up, the keys were under his pillow, and he could not be disturbed.

"At length, famished, and anxious to bid adieu, we ventured to his sleeping apartment, when the sight which presented itself was quite sufficient proof that the national beverage had had the desired effect, while no claret would cause him to succumb. If the laird had suffered in the onslaught, however, he had not suffered without disabling his foe; for, stretched on another bed, lay the soldier, booted and even spurred, as on his joining the festive board. We must now draw a veil over a scene which, immeasurably ludicrous to those who witnessed it, we have only referred to in recollection of a day, which commenced with sport and pleasure and terminated in laughter.

"Should this meet the eye of those to whom we have alluded, may they take it as it is meant, and give us an opportunity of enjoying their society again."

Not very likely we should think, for Highland Chieftains do not like to be held out to the world as parsimonious while furnishing to strangers even every excess they may seek, have their splendid furniture and invaluable works of arts endangered or spoilt; and finally, their households, their neighbours, and themselves, turned into ridicule.

#### CONVICT COLONIES—NEW SOUTH WALES.

[Conclusion of Review.]

From among the other statements and pictures of settlers' lives, to which we referred in our last *Gazette*, we select the following:

"In the summer, R— had a very narrow escape of being bitten by a snake. As a caution, it may be worth relating, though as an incident it is of such common character that we did not think much of it. We had a hen sitting, and on the morning R— considered the chickens ought to be coming out, he went to the old hollow log in which the hen had made her nest. Here at the mouth he found her running about, and cackling, and ruffling her feathers; and supposed she was calling out one or more of the chickens who had broken the shell, with her as she went to her morning meal. After awaiting some time, as they did not come out, he stooped down and put his hand in, to bring them out of the nest; but the instant he began to feel over the top of the eggs, his hand touched what by the cold smooth velvet-like feeling he knew to be a large snake. Probably it was asleep, for it did not move. We got the mortising axe, and mortised a hole through the barrel of the log above the nest; and after some trouble got the reptile out. One of the dogs seized him, as he shot out, by the back of the neck, and flung him yards up into the air. He was a black snake, better than five feet long. The bite of this species is fatal, except under very prompt measures of abscission and good medical treatment. Considering the great number of snakes in all parts of the Bush, it is quite astonishing so few persons meet their death by them. My own escapes have been almost innumerable, and so I suppose have been most other bushmen's. Now and then one hears of some very melancholy case of fatal effects. I do not know whether naturalists have collected specimens of all the species to be found in this country; but when collected they must form a singularly striking and disgusting spectacle. I have seen a snake that seemed full grown, not more than eight inches long, and about the thickness of a stout tobacco-pipe, of the most glittering silver-grey,

and a head like an oblong glass bead flattened. Then again there is that genus of the diamond snake, which frequents the water, running to extreme length: on Paramatta bridge, many years ago, one was found 27 feet long. Between these range the black snake, which runs from three to seven feet, and whose bite is deadly; the brown snake, commonly found from three to four feet, said to be even more venomous than the black; the copper-coloured snake, a very long, thin, and beautifully coppered species, whether venomous or not in a high degree, I cannot say; it is not very common. I saw no more than two of them in the whole period of my residence. Besides these there are grey, yellow, green, and carpet snakes; indeed you scarcely pass a summer without seeing several new sorts. The reader, perhaps, will feel it difficult of belief, but I should certainly not withhold the fact—that I have known settlers plough up as many snakes in ploughing ten acres of ground as would fill a peck measure; and I was once shown a tract of bush road by a fellow-traveller, in travelling along which some time previously he assured me he had seen upwards of twenty snakes of various species. It is a circumstance which elicits a universal expression of surprise among the colonists, that, snakes being so common as they are, so few persons should be bitten. Sometimes they make away when they are disturbed, at others again they do not: so that it is difficult to determine whether there is in them a general and natural dread of man. Taking all I have observed together I should incline to say there is, but that it is modified by circumstances, at times so much so as entirely to disappear. For instance, a snake may be provoked by blows to fly at his assailant: again, a friend once told me that a black snake hunted him away from her nest a considerable distance along the road, and he believed would have overtaken and bitten him if he had not had a charge of shot in his gun with which he turned and blew her all to pieces as she came on. This I can state as certain, because I have experienced it—that the human eye, if once it can catch the snake's, has the power of fixing it and so holding the animal till it is withdrawn.

A tale is quoted where £2,000 has been utterly wasted on an improvident attempt at settling; and the author says:—"I now proceed to place in contrast with this dismal tale a statement of the course which a new settler should pursue; and I am confident no man of ordinary talents, possessing a few hundred pounds, and guiding himself in its outlay and management as I suggest, could fail to realize in a few years the return of a handsome fortune."

"1. I know of nothing in which the axiom of 'more haste worse speed,' is so true as in the approach of a new settler to his undertaking. My advice to him would be on no account to neglect, in the first place, a tour of inspection. He should put his knapsack on his back, and penetrate to the farthest limit of colonization. He should travel as unpretendingly as possible; up the country every hut-door is open to the traveller. If he likes to make the lower orders any little present of tobacco, &c., it will generally be accepted; but if not offered, it will not be asked for—indeed it is seldom looked for. By thus stopping a good deal at the labouring men's huts, he will hear the prices of labour, of stock, of land, and of goods, from individuals not interested in deceiving him; whereas I am afraid, if he trust for his information on those points to landowners, he will often be misled. I cannot deny that it is much too common a practice with old stock-holders to try to sell refuse or other stock to new-comers on very unfair terms. However, on the other hand, it will be well enough to correct the men's views by afterwards hearing the masters'. But the conversation that passes in the labouring men's huts, when the pipes are

lit, after tea in the evening, is certainly both the most varied and the soundest as to facts. They have no pecuniary interest in the matters they talk about, but each relating his observation and experience in different parts of the colony, incites others to do the same. If anything is exaggerated, there never wants some one able and ready to correct it. On such a journey the new settler will often be disgusted by the conduct and expressions of individuals; but the general tone of what he hears will amply repay him. In short, he will learn more in one three months thus occupied than in seven years spent in the usual routine of life among those of his own station. That three months I would earnestly urge him, as he values his subsequent success, not to omit taking advantage of.

"2. The next general principle I would lay down is this:—to make his undertaking, whenever it does commence, as much as possible a series of experiments, rather than one experiment."

Other cautions and arrangements are added, but we have not room for them, and emigrants will do well to consider them, not as analyzed, but as stated at full length in this useful book. Of the details it is impossible for us to give any notion. We read:—"I should suppose there are few races, if, indeed, there are any races of men, in the habitual enjoyment of such sound health as the white Australians. Most of the young men are of very good stature; a great number quite extraordinarily so. The most obvious characteristic of the Australian white women is a peculiar and striking womanliness; a strongly feminine aspect and tone of voice; and I think I may add that the same quality runs no less distinctly into their style of thought and general mental character."

"I am not at all inclined to deny, I fully believe, that the acts in which the protection of the blacks was carried out had their origin in a most proper aim and most praiseworthy feelings; but that these feelings gradually became morbid, and that the blacks, partly by listening to conversation in the huts of the stockmen along the boundary, and partly by repeating among themselves what they heard, detected its morbid and one-sided character, is apparently not less undeniable—hence their simultaneous and unanimous system of aggression."

On the horrid iniquities of the ultra-penal settlements, the writer says:—"This point I have entirely omitted in the body of my book. For first, I could state nothing from observation; and secondly, I knew that the subject could not be handled descriptively without rendering the volume inadmissible into families where a proper store is set upon a decorous style of feeling and sentiment. Let the following general particulars suffice. At these places of banishment, great numbers of the most depraved, obscene, and desperate men are brought together. No females are allowed within the limits of these atrocious dens. It is not enough for Government to concentrate into one mass all that earth by her last worst processes sublines of hell, but the alleviating element must be carefully distilled off and kept away. The fiend of pure solitary physical selfishness then stands incarnated in all his aptitude for violence and lust. A discipline to match such a case can as well be conceived without description as by it. Nor are emissaries to carry out such a discipline found wanting. Continually, under the intolerable treatment they are subject to, murders are committed by these poor wretches on their own comrades, that they may get to Sydney and be hanged. The enjoyment of a few weeks of intermission of their sufferings in Sydney goal is considered a full equivalent for the ultimate penalty of execution. But the desperation engendered by these awful and iniquitous establishments is the bright side of the picture. Another remains: but what pen shall

delineate it? What eye would desire to look into scenes which even the recording angel must blush to transcribe for the final judgment?"

But we must close this desultory review of a subject of the greatest importance to England, and to Australia. We have said that things are not so bad now as they were five or six years ago; but is it not dreadful to read in the last papers of our series, received only the other day, such a statement as this:—"The news from Norfolk Island comes down to the 13th of Oct., on the morning of which day twelve of the ring-leaders in the late sanguinary riots were executed. One of them, William Westwood, alias Jackey Jackey, left with the Protestant clergyman a declaration written in the condemned cell, from which the following is an extract:

"Sir,—The strong ties of earth will soon be wrenched, and the burning fever of this life will soon be quenched, and my grave will be a heavens—a resten place for me Wm. Westwood. Sir out of the Bitter cup of misery—I have drank from my sixteenth year 10 long years, and the sweetest draught is that which takes away the misery of living death—it is the friend that deceives no man—all will then be quiet no tyrant will disturb my repose I hope—Wm. Westwood."

"Sir I know bid the world adieu and all it contains."

"Wm. Westwood his writhing."

We declare that a more painful and fearful appeal, let eloquence and preaching do what they may, never struck our heart so forcibly as this dreadful appeal from the edge of the scaffold. For that poor wretch there had been no chance of escape. His first error condemned him to continued crime, to ignominy, to suffering, and to a shameful and violent death. From sixteen to six-and-twenty he had toiled in the toils of guilt; and from the bitter cup of misery it was impossible for him to withdraw his lips. Accused of his fellow men, proscribed, doomed, refugeless, what could he do, but find a "resten-place" from "the misery of living death" for unfortunate William Westwood! The sublime misery of Greek tragedy, the irreversible decree of the Fates, has nothing to compare with the simple but equally irrevocable fate of the once-convicted criminal. The gates of mercy are shut against him, the outcast from his kind; and unless some measures are adopted in the spirit of those brought forward by the late (late sheriff only, not late) Mr. Laurie, the system must still continue in the certain cycle,—a first fault, a public retribution, a withdrawal of confidence, a refusal of employment, want, a repetition of error, further degradation, despair, aggravated crime, coercion, rebellion, increased punishment, revenge, murder, the gallows—the grave; an end to the burning fever of life, a resting-place for the William Westwoods whom, at the age of sixteen, a wise and humane treatment would have saved alike from the wretchedness they have endured and the horrors they have inflicted. Well may we approve of the principle, at least of the philanthropic rule, of Captain Maconochie,\* and regret the querulous objections to a portion of the details too weak in so great a cause to merit more than a moment's consideration for improvement.

Since 1840, we believe a marked progress has been made, and though the character of things may remain the same, specific acts (except in such rare horrors as we have alluded to) are much softened and humanized. The local grievances of New South Wales ought at once to be remedied, and this noble region would at once start upon its grand career, to become a powerful and glorious nation or nations, when the traces of older states and mighty people have

\* See *Norfolk Island*, a pamphlet, published by Hatchard, 1847.

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Et voilà donc la vie ! Un fantôme qui passe,  
Un point qui brille et qui s'efface  
Dans les siècles illimités !  
Un isthme imperceptible entre deux mers immenses :  
Un jour, une heure de souffrances,  
Entre les deux éternités !

**The Universal Pronouncing Dictionary and General Expositor of the English Language**, compiled by competent persons in the different branches of Literature and Science, under the direction of Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c. Part I. Imperial 8vo. London, Tallis.

The peculiar characteristic of this work is the application of a system of representing the pronunciation of technical words in science and art, and names of places and persons, as well as of the ordinary words contained in a dictionary of the English language. This will make it a very useful book to a most extensive class of readers, who are constantly puzzled by the difficulties they find in pronouncing correctly the numerous words presented to them in the sciences, with which everybody is obliged, at the present day, to be more or less acquainted. But in our eyes, its greatest value and utility is the condensing into one general body, and within moderate limits, a far more copious vocabulary of scientific words, as well as of names and things that occur in history, biography, geography, and archaeology, than has ever yet been laid before the public, which makes it an invaluable book to every class of society, of common reference for dates and facts. It seems to be carefully compiled, as stated in the title, "by competent persons;" and the name of Mr. Wright is a sufficient voucher for its general character. The first Part contains a popular introductory essay, on the history of the English language, which is well worthy of attention. We may add that it is embellished by a series of beautifully executed maps, to the accuracy of which, even as to the most recent discoveries, we can speak from our own examination.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### EARTHQUAKE AND METEORS.

M. COLLA writes, on the 20th of August, from the Parma Observatory, that on the 1st, at 5.45 p.m., the air being perfectly calm, and the atmosphere clear, a severe shock of an earthquake was felt at Parma, which lasted about 4 seconds, in the direction of from south east to north west. At 1.50, the next morning, another very slight shock occurred in the same direction, lasting from 5 to 6 seconds. The first was preceded by a prolonged rumbling noise. At 3 p.m. on the first of August, the barometer in the Observatory marked 27. 11. 2, and immediately after the shock nearly a line lower. During the evening, constant lightning towards the north and an extraordinary appearance of stars shooting in different directions were observed; at a few minutes before 9 too, there was seen at a height of about 50 degrees, a large globe of fire followed by columns of smoke, traversing the atmosphere from north to south, and disappearing behind a mass of clouds.

##### THE PLANET IRIS.

The calculations of both M. Faye and M. Goujon, confirm those of Mr. Hind, (*Lit. Gaz.* No. 1598) giving to the orbit of this, now the seventh of the small planets, an eccentricity exceeding that of all the others. M. Faye remarks moreover, that should further observations determine the same value that he provisionally assigns to the eccentricity, namely  $\frac{1}{3}$ , they would tend to prove the prevailing idea that there is no specific difference (as to the form of orbits) between the comets and planetary group between Mars and Jupiter. It is possible now in fact by a series of gradual transitions to pass from the almost

circular orbit of Ceres to the almost parabolic orbit of Halley's comet: the eccentricities will be found successively  $\frac{1}{10}$ ,  $\frac{1}{5}$ ,  $\frac{1}{3}$ , &c., and the planets furnish to this series as many terms as the comets of short periods. The recent labours of M. Le Verrier promise a solution to the important questions in this respect at present occupying the attention of astronomers.

##### NATIONAL OBSERVATORY, WASHINGTON.

August 12, 1847.—The new planet discovered on the first of July last, by the same Mr. Hencke who first discovered Astræa, was observed here last night with the equatorial, and on the meridian with the west transit and German circle.

This planet is also an Asteroid, and is the sixth of the system. It is of the 9.10 magnitude, and the telescope presents it without a disk.

**Astronomy.**—Three weeks ago, we gave an account of certain American astronomical observations (see page 641), through the great telescope at Cambridge, U.S.; and it is a curious coincidence that the last communications from Moscow relate to similar objects and discoveries among the nebule, now, it seems, being resolved into comets as well as stars. Mr. Schweizer, the astronomer of the university, states that on the 11th and 12th of August he had determined the nebule, between the stars Beta and Theta, in the constellation Auriga, to be in reality a new comet. Its northern declination was ascertained to be  $3^{\circ} 50'$  less than that of Beta, and its right ascension  $6^{\circ} 5'$  more; the former diminishing 10 minutes of space, and the latter 13 minutes of time in 24 hours.

**American Science, &c.**—We have a letter from Greenfield, Massachusetts, of August 9, which describes a valuable collection of geology and natural history, made by a humble individual during years devoted to the pursuit, and of the name of Dexter Marsh. Among them are a great many specimens of bird tracks imbedded in common flagging stone, which he obtained from the mountain east of this village, near the Connecticut river. These stones were dug out of the quarries thirty or forty feet below the surface; there was one specimen of a track, of enormous size, the toes measuring eighteen inches long. Mr. Marsh took but one of these specimens, but told me that when he obtained this he could trace seven or eight distinct foot prints, in regular order, and all about seven feet apart; so it must have been a monster, with tall legs, to take such tremendous strides. He has a great many other specimens, of smaller dimensions, about the size of a turkey's track, and very perfectly imbedded in solid stone, appearing as distinct as if just made in the earth. Besides these, he has many beautiful specimens of fossil fish, very perfect indeed, the head and tail, and even the fins and scales, appearing perfectly natural. Among the other curiosities in Mr. Marsh's cabinet, is an ancient piece of American coin, called the "Pine-tree Sixpence," being the first money coined in this country. It is about the size of a common sixpenny-piece. On one side is stamped "Massachusetts," in a circle, with a picture of a pine-tree in the centre. On the other side is stamped "New England," in the same manner, with the date at the bottom, "1652."

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### THE ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

MR. SKEIFF WEBB moved the resolution of which he gave notice at the special meeting of the Council held last week, viz.:—that the Archaeological Society be respectfully invited to hold their next meeting at Worcester, and that the use of the Guildhall be offered to them for that purpose. Mr. Webb observed that he need not impress upon the meeting the advantages of having a visit from so learned a body to their

city, as they must be self-evident. He had reason to believe that the invitation would be taken into consideration.—The resolution was passed, of course.—*Worcester Journal.*

**The Ancient Monuments of St. Andrews.** By the Rev. C. J. Lyon, M.A. Edinburgh, Grant & Son; St. Andrews, M. Fletcher; Cupar, G. S. Tullis.

A "CAHIER" praiseworthy intended to save from ruin and oblivion the few remaining monuments of the ancient Scottish town of St. Andrews. The Reformation destroyed the great majority, and but a few remain to reward the antiquary's patient poring over, to rescue their mutilated records from utter obliteration. The tomb of Robert Cathnic, a canon, is the oldest date on any stone in St. Andrews; it is 1380. Dominus is spelt Dompnus, and the writer comparing it with the introduction of the same letter p, into the name Thompson, inquires the reason, or *cui bono*, for this interpolation. Some of the epitaphs are both curious and interesting. For example, we may suppose the following to relate to an ancestor of our lost friend David Wilkie. Translated from the latin it reads—

"Sacred to the memory of that eminent man dom. Robert Wilkie, rector of the university, who presided over this college for 21 years with the highest praise. The area on the west he enclosed with buildings, and added to those on the east. He left, by his will, 4,200 marks for the support of the poor. He died in the 63d year of his age, ann. dom. 1611, on the 26th day of June. I have enriched this Lyceum with learning. I have extended its reputation. I have adorned it with edifices. I have added to its wealth. The university is an evidence of the learning. The edifices stand at St. Andrews of Scotland. By my wealth I sustain six poor students."

Another runs thus:

"Robert Stewart died in the year 1586, Aug. 29, aged 63. In this harbour have I left behind me the honours and troubles of the world; do thou take an example from me, and withdraw from its vanities."

The etchings show rude workmanship, but are characteristic of the periods to which they belong; and the brochure is a commendable contribution to local archaeology.

#### FINE ARTS.

**Views in the Eastern Archipelago, Borneo, Sarawak, Labuan, &c.** By Capt. D. Bethune and others.

Part I. London, McLean; Whittaker & Co. SOME of the novel illustrations in Captain Keppel's popular work on Borneo, now running through a third edition, made the European public acquainted with the peculiar features of Borneo scenery. Similar subjects are separately embraced in the drawings made on the spot, from which these lithographs are taken by Mr. J. W. Giles; and letter-press descriptions by Mr. J. A. St. John, complete the publication. A dedication to Lord Palmerston states some general facts relating to the political measures recently adopted towards the Indian Archipelago, which are not altogether correct, nor, if meant for a regular historical *price*, are they sufficiently full. But it is not worth while to raise such questions on criticising a series of picturesque views;—and we will attend to the engravings. The first is a view of a mountain, Keni Balu, on the north coast of Borneo, 12,000 feet in altitude, and said to be the highest in Insular Asia. Mr. St. John says of it:

"This is a mural monument on the north wall of the ruined chapel of St. Leonard's College. The last sentence refers to six burials which Wilkie founded, though only two now remain under his name, of 9l. each."

"This Stewart was Earl of March, bishop-elect of Caithness before the Reformation, and brother of the Regent Earl of Lennox. He joined the Reformers, and was made commendator of the rich Priory of St. Andrews after the murder of the Prior-Regent Moray."

"According to the most accurate calculations, its height falls very little short of that of Mont Blanc, while in grandeur of appearance it far surpasses it, rising, like Etna or Teneriffe, almost immediately from the level of the sea, and lowering, not by gradual slopes, but by an abrupt and nearly perpendicular ascent above the region of the clouds. To those who sail up and down the China Seas, or round the northern coast of Borneo, it forms a most stupendous object of admiration, especially when the sun, rising behind it, invests its jagged summits with a golden halo. The circumstance, moreover, that it has never to our knowledge been scaled by the foot of man, imparts to it additional interest; and it is perhaps for this reason that the Orang Idan, a Dyak tribe inhabiting the hilly country at its southern foot, imagine the dwelling of their gods and of all happy spirits to be situated on its cool and airy summit. The ascent to this Eastern Olympus is guarded, they say, by a fiery dog, the mythological counterpart of the Cerberus of the Greeks, which repels from the entrance those souls which are deemed unfit for celestial society; and these, strange to say, are the souls of maidens who in their lives have imitated the nuns and vestals of the West."

A view of Mr. Brooke's settlement at Sarawak is the next, of which the description is vague; and it is followed by an interesting sketch of Captain Mundy's hoisting the British flag on Pulo Labuan, 24th December, 1846, an auspicious and memorable day. It is stated that the fisheries are already greatly increased on its shores, now that the pirates have been quashed by British valour and enterprise; and Captain Bethune and Commander Heath are justly complimented for the light they have thrown on the character and productions of the island. A Dyak suspension-bridge at Sarawak affords the writer an opportunity to differ from Mr. Brooke in his estimate of the Dyak character, which he thinks must be lower and more ferocious than that which Mr. B. attributes to them; but we confess we would rather rely on that gentleman's experience than on Mr. St. John's speculation, and consequently entertain the hope of the more easy civilization of the Dyak tribes, and speedy improvement of Borneo. A view down the River Sarawak, and another of Sir Thomas Cochrane's action with the forts of the Sultan of Borneo, finish the prints in this Part, which are not executed in a peculiarly excellent style, though they offer clear enough ideas of the distinctive features of the country and the objects they represent.

#### Chart of Ancient Armour. G. Bell.

Is a very useful and excellent device for showing us at one view the variety of fashion in the forms, &c., of armour from "the eleventh to the seventeenth century." A brief description accompanies it; and we become acquainted with the vicissitudes of this iron clothing of our ancestors, in scale, chain, ring, and plate, just as if it were gowns and farthingales. The publication merits to be popular, and will serve as a guide (so far) to monumental effigies in ancient churches.

#### The Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland. Parts I. and II. Blackwoods.

Messrs. R. W. BILLINGS and W. Burn are the artists who illustrate this publication. Glasgow Cathedral supplies the subjects for engraving in the first Part (with a suitable account of St. Mungo's Fane); and St. Anthony's Chapel and Holyrood House and Chapel, Edinburgh, give variety to the second. The design of the work is of the most popular character, the plates very neatly executed, and the letter-press concise and yet valuable and authentic notices of the places so well represented by the artistic engravings.

#### The Principles of Design and Colour, &c. &c. London, Ackerman & Co.

ABSENCE of information, leading to a want of taste, is in nothing more common than in the principles of which this work treats. From the highest production of art to the most indifferent piece of dress or furniture, a knowledge of the congenial beauties of form and the concordant association of colours, is essential to harmony and pleasurable effect. But instead of these, we are generally offended by the reverse, by forms the most heterogeneous, thrown clumsily together, and colours the most clashing, combined in outrageous confusion. As a corrective to such anomalies, and a guide to better choice, the present publication will be found ready and useful. The matching of tints in the articles worn, or the decorations of houses, and regulating the selection of patterns, are advised agreeably to sound judgment; and diagrams illustrate the gradations and contrasts which ought to be held in view, and the size of objects which conduce either to elegance or disproportion are briefly exemplified. On the whole, and as far as it goes, (for it does not enter deeply into the philosophical elements) this performance is calculated for popular utility in the every-day business of life.

#### The Tradesman's Book of Ornamental Designs. Parts 1, 2, 3, and 4. London. Orr & Co.; Edinburgh, Menzies.

THIS is a more elaborate work, of a similar nature, treating at large upon ornamental designs, and tracing its characteristics from the earliest antiquity, and throughout many nations. It promises, from the parts before us, to be a valuable manual to tradesmen who have to supply, and purchasers who may require, any articles in metal, leather, paper, wood, or other material. To the exemplary patterns, neatly engraved, are added etchings of some rare gems of art, so that an idea may be conceived of the masterpieces of genius, as well as of what are most convenient and beautiful in ordinary demand. We have Grecian iron-work, Roman lamps, Moorish book-binding, Elizabethan and Louis-quatorze decorations of every sort; and the Gothic, Italian, Spanish, arabesque, grotesque, &c. &c., applied to borders, frames, hangings, carvings, &c. &c., out of which we have but to pick and choose, in order to be surrounded by what is agreeable to look upon, as well as handsome and serviceable.

*Statuette of Jenny Lind.*—Count D'Orsay has modelled the Swedish songstress in her character of the *Daughter of the Regiment*, and has caught her rub-a-dub attitude and look with a happy hand. The ensemble is life-flowing and excellent. The statuette is at Messrs. Colnaghi's, in Pall Mall, and attracts many visitors.

*Mr. Joseph Durham's Busts of Jenny Lind and Herr Andersen* have during the previous week been inspected by numerous amateurs, artists, and persons connected with the musical, theatrical, and literary world, and we are glad to have had our high opinion of these works confirmed by every class of visitors, and especially by those to whom the originals are best known. The likenesses were found to be admirable, and the expression and finish replete with feeling and taste. The periodical press is fervent in their praise; and some of the journals, we observe, do not fail to pay a like tribute of admiration to a bust of the Lord Chief Baron, in marble, in the same studio; and to a perfect resemblance of his brother, the late lamented Sir David Pollock. We are gratified that the artist, having adopted our suggestion in regard to inviting public attention, should have met with this, his just reward.

*Herr Andersen* left us for Leipzig, on Sunday-week, having unfortunately been prevented by the

length of time occupied in Her Majesty's journey to the north, and his own pressing engagements on the continent, from availing himself of Prince Albert's gracious invitation to Loch Laggan. The same enemy, time, put it out of his power to see the beautiful scenery and enjoy the refined hospitalities of Drummond Castle. Whilst mentioning this popular poet, whose simplicity and nature have so highly recommended him to our most literary and exalted circles,\* we may notice a lithograph of him by his countryman, J. F. Möller, which is a very correct and thoughtful likeness.

#### THE NEW PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.—THE COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS.

THE committee have just brought their labours to a close, and their report is not only of great public interest, but of the highest importance to British artists.

The report commences by stating that the committee was appointed by the commissioners to consider a general plan for the selection of subjects in painting for the various apartments of the Palace at Westminster, agreeably to the orders of the commissioners, in their sixth report to Her Majesty, in the following words:

"In accordance with the principles which have already guided us in deciding on the plan of decoration in the House of Lords, namely, with reference to fresco paintings, stained windows, and statues, proposed for St. Stephen's Porch, St. Stephen's Hall, and the Royal approaches, we conceive it to be the duty of this commission, for the better guidance of present and future artists, and in order to maintain a character of harmony and unity worthy of such a building, to determine a complete scheme for the future decoration of the palace. We are of opinion in determining such scheme the especial destination of each portion of the building should be attended to; that in the selection of subjects the chief object to be regarded should be the expression of some specific idea; and the second, its illustration by means of some well known historic or poetic incident adapted for representation in painting."

The duty which has devolved on the committee being thus defined, their labours have been directed to the selection of subjects in accordance with the plan above explained. They have for the present given their attention to subjects in painting; a considerable number of names of distinguished persons, to whom statues might with propriety be erected, having been before proposed, and of these some have been selected by former committees for particular localities.

*St. Stephen's Porch.*—Containing two compartments, one measuring 26 feet high, to the point of the Gothic arch, by 16 feet 8 inches wide, the other measuring 18 feet 3 inches high, to the point of the arch, by 11 feet 4 inches wide. The statues of Marlborough and Nelson have already been recommended by the commission to be placed in the porch; and your committee are of opinion that the subject of peace and war would be appropriate in the two compartments intended for paintings.

*St. Stephen's Hall.*—Containing on the side walls eight compartments, each measuring 14 feet 5 inches wide, by 9 feet 8 inches high, and two end compartments, one measuring 20 feet 9 inches high, to the point of the arch, by 11 feet 6 inches wide, the other measuring 17 feet 6 inches high, to the point of the arch, by 11 feet 3 inches wide. An opinion has before been expressed, by the commission generally, that as St. Stephen's Hall stands on the spot where

\* We observe by the way that some question is made of his having been invited to Osborne House and Loch Laggan, but the *Literary Gazette* is not in the habit of stating facts that which it does not know to be true.—Ed. L. G.

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the House of Commons was, during many centuries, in the habit of assembling, it should be adorned with statues of men who rose to eminence by the eloquence and abilities which they displayed in that house. Twelve personages, selected on this principle, were accordingly named in the fourth report of the commissioners to Her Majesty. Your committee conceived that the walls might properly be decorated with paintings, illustrating some of the greatest epochs in our constitutional, social, and ecclesiastical history, from the time when the Anglo-Saxon nation embraced Christianity to the accession of the house of Stuart; and that the following subjects would be well adapted for this purpose:

1. In the State.—A sitting in the Wittenagemot; the homage of the Barons to William the Conqueror; the first writ for the election of representatives brought down to the city of London; Stanley and Oxford crowning Henry VII. over the dead body of Richard III.; the termination of the baronial wars.

For the Side Compartments.—An early trial by jury; the signing of Magna Charta; the abolition of villeinage; the privileges of the House of Commons asserted by Sir T. More against Cardinal Wolsey.

2. In the Church.—For the End Compartments.—West end.—The preaching of St. Augustine; the introduction of Christianity. East end.—Queen Elizabeth receiving the Bible in Cheapside; the Reformation.

The Central Hall.—Containing four compartments each measuring 17 feet 7 inches high, to the point of the Gothic arch, by 12 feet 7 inches wide; and three small panels underneath three of the large compartments, each measuring 5 feet 5 inches high, to the point of the arch, by about 4 feet 6 inches wide. Your committee, bearing in mind that this hall is the central point of the whole building, were of opinion that the nationality of the component parts of the united kingdom should be the idea here illustrated, and would be appropriately expressed by the representation of the four patron saints, St. George, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and St. David, in the four compartments intended for painting; and that in the three small spaces underneath three of the compartments, the heraldic emblems of the Orders of the Garter, of the Thistle, and of St. Patrick, might be introduced.

Corridors from the Central Hall.—Consisting of the Peers' corridor, the Commons' corridor, and the central or public corridor. The committee are of opinion that the corridors which join the two houses might properly be decorated with paintings illustrative of the great contest which commenced with the meeting of the Long Parliament and terminated in 1689. It will be seen that the subjects have been selected on the principle of parallelism, and that an attempt has been made to do justice to the heroic virtues which were displayed on both sides.

The Peers' Corridor.—Containing eight compartments intended for paintings, each measuring 9 feet 6 inches wide by 7 feet high:—Charles I. erecting his standard at Nottingham; Speaker Lenthall asserting the privileges of the Commons against Charles I., when the attempt was made to seize the five members; Basing-house defended by the Cavaliers against the Parliamentary army; the setting out of the train-bands from London to raise the siege of Gloucester; the expulsion of the fellows of a college at Oxford for refusing to sign the covenant; the embarkation of a Puritan family for New England; the burial of Charles I.; and the parting of Lord and Lady Russell.

The Commons' Corridor.—Containing eight compartments intended for painting, each measuring 7 feet 9½ inches wide by 6 feet 6 inches high:—Charles II., assisted in his escape by Mrs. Lane; Alice Lisle concealing the fugitives

after the battle of Sedgemoor; the executioner tying Wishart's book round the neck of Montrose; the sleep of Argyll; Monk declaring for a free Parliament; the acquittal of the seven bishops; the landing of Charles II.; and the Lords and Commons presenting the crown to William and Mary in the Banqueting House.

The Central Corridor.—Containing six compartments, each measuring 8 feet 9 inches high by 7 feet wide. The paintings in St. Stephen's hall, and in the corridors which join the two houses, illustrate the gradual progress of our institutions during the interval which elapsed between the introduction of Christianity and the Revolution. It has been thought that the central corridor might with advantage be adorned with paintings exhibiting in strong contrast the extremes which are separated by that interval. With this view six subjects have been selected; in three, Britain appears sunk in ignorance, slavery, and heathen superstition; in the other three she appears instructing the savage, liberating the slave, and abolishing barbarous rites similar to those she once practised, viz., the Phenicians in Cornwall; Cook in Otaheite; a Druidical sacrifice; English authorities stopping the sacrifice of a Suttie; Anglo-Saxon captives exposed for sale in the market-place at Rome; and the emancipation of the negro slaves.

The Upper Waiting Hall.—The subjects for six (out of eight) compartments in this locality have been proposed to be selected from the following poets:—Chaucer, Spencer, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope; the choice of such subjects being left to the artists appointed or to be appointed to execute them, after they have been approved by the commissioners.—From an anticipation of the Report in the Times.

[To be continued.]

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, 7, September, 1847.

Now that we breathe more freely, in the absence of private scandal, public trials, and revolting crimes, I wish to draw your attention to some new publications of a serious nature, amongst which I shall select those more immediately interesting to us, as they refer to a present state of things.

The greatest political question now is, what will be the issue of the struggle between Austria and the Pope, or rather, independent Italy. We, therefore peruse, with curiosity and interest, a book which passes in review all the relations of Italy with modern civilization and liberty. It is from the pen of a worthy man, a banished patriot, M. Mazzini, who has, if I am not mistaken, sometimes contributed to enrich your most esteemed publications.\*

The author's principal object has been to point out, as regards Italy, what fundamental cause has gradually enslaved and produced the total downfall of this Peninsula, and what are the obstacles which invincibly oppose the persevering efforts this country pursues towards her rehabilitation.

Seeking in the elevated sphere of philosophy, the general principle which produces at different periods of human existence, the particular supremacy of this or of that nation, M. Mazzini comes to the conclusion that it may be attributed to the progressive development of mind in the whole human race, considered as a sort of intelligent unity.

And how is this improvement carried on? By two ideal agents, according to our author, the principle of art and that of science. The "principle of art" had dominion over history and society in the Pagan world. Since the dawn of Christianity, destined to close the his-

\* The title of his book is *De l'Italie dans ses rapports avec la Liberté et la Civilisation Moderne*. 2 vols. in 8vo. Amyot ed.

torical cycle of the ancients, and to lay the foundation of modern civilization, "the principle of science" has become the chief corner-stone of the intellectual, religious, civil, and political edifice of modern times.

Such is the thesis maintained by M. Mazzini; rather with the desire of arriving at a purely metaphysical demonstration, than hoping to solve the problems of modern policy. It is evidently conceived and written under the influence of German philosophy, which, you know, is but seldom brought to bear upon the realities of existence; but concentrates its efforts in the obstinate search of primary causes, latent phenomena, and ideal agencies unknown to the vulgar.

Therefore, it is not to the mass, not to the generality of readers that M. Mazzini's work is addressed. It is not, as you would call it on the other side of the Channel, a book for the million. Without being a little initiated into the formulæ of Hugel and of Schelling we dare not hope to follow the learned author through all the intricacies of thought.

We will try, however, to make him intelligible to those of your readers who take an interest in conceptions of this nature.

M. Mazzini, after having asserted the principle we have noticed above, inquires, why Christianity assumed, as of necessity, the form of Catholicism, and subsequently became incarnate in Papacy and the Church. He then explains in what manner the power of Popes and of the Church was extended by preference over Italy in the midst of its classical traditions of antiquity, in the very heart of Imperial and Pagan Rome.

He shows the Italian genius identified in the genius of Catholicism. After having thus united them in an indissoluble parallelism, he makes the decline of the Catholic religion to act upon the political existence of the Italian states. In his mind, the victory of Protestantism appealing to a free examination, and partly destroying the ascendancy of the Catholic religion, was naturally to be followed by the decline and downfall of Italy. This, he tells us, is what occurred. The court of Rome modified its policy. The Catholic religion, fostered by its imperious authority, submitted to discussion and defended its dogmas. The Jesuits were the most active and able representatives of this degenerate creed, which no concession had power to save.

After having explained at length these philosophical views, M. Mazzini traces, in a masterly style, the histories of each different liberal party in the Peninsula, from the French Revolution to our time. There are treasures in this work for whomsoever would wish to trace back contemporary events to their original cause, and comment wisely upon them. We particularly point out to their observation chap. 4, of the 2nd vol., which treats of Austria, its influence in Italy, and the place it holds in European politics.

In a word, M. Mazzini's book, written without any religious prejudice, and in a truly liberal spirit, appears to us a remarkable work. He may be thought too decisive when, to prepare the enfranchisement and future grandeur of his native country, he urges as a necessary measure the renunciation of all spiritual authority of the church, and all temporal despotism of the Pope. And yet, why should we blame him for expressing his opinion without either reserve or scruple, if an attentive study of facts has left this conviction on his mind? It was his right to assert his belief boldly; it was more, it was his duty. The man of science who smothers, from motives of prudence or calculation, an idea which appears to him just and true, is, to me, a thousand times more guilty than a mother who abandons her child.

Another Italian, M. Ricciardi, has studied, in one of our Reviews, the Governments and the revolutionary forces beyond the Alps. He is far

from sharing the hopes conceived on the accession of Pius IX. These hopes are, according to him, the vain delusions of men who amuse themselves therewith, merely because they do not know the profoundly rooted vices of clerical government. Wherever the clergy lack political influence, incredible efforts are made to obtain it. And can it be imagined that it will be resigned where it has reigned supreme for many ages? Now the Pope represents the entire body of the clergy; those measures which have rendered him so popular, are only clever concessions yielded to the necessities of the times. The political amnesty, the consent granted to the introduction of railroads, the nomination to several reforming commissions, the suppression of military tribunals, the deposition of prelates and functionaries, and the toleration of public meetings, are measures very far from presaging a reign frankly and resolutely consecrated to improvement.

Most of these grants, besides, have been ceded unwillingly; and, tardily extorted by the force of circumstances, their efficacy has been very incomplete, and they have been neutralized by some subsequent measure. Apparently, of all the Governments of the Peninsula, that of Rome ranks lowest in the estimation of M. Ricciardi, and this because its very nature is opposed to any complete and durable amelioration.

In the government of the two Sicilies, many abuses and disorders co-exist with excellent institutions. Absurd or barbarous laws are an abundant source of ruin and of vice to a people which are represented to us by M. Ricciardi as thoroughly demoralized. Consequently the two Sicilies have no weight whatever in the political balance of Europe, nor even in that of Italy.

Tuscany is placed in a much better condition than the States of Rome or Sicily, and the relative superiority of its institutions has undoubtedly increased its well-being; but we cannot sufficiently deplore on the one hand its defective political security, and on the other, its abject dependence on Austria.

M. de Metternich and the Jesuits are disputing about the Archduchy of Parma. The young Duke of Modena is treading worthily in the political steps of his father.

The duchy of Lucca, which at the death of Maria Louisa, is to be divided by Tuscany and Naples, claims but little of our attention. The Duke is bent solely upon extracting all the money he can from his little state; and in this he is ably assisted by an Englishman, formerly a groom, now elevated to the rank of minister of finance.

The radical writer is as severe upon Sardinia and Charles Albert as upon the other Princes of Italy. Penetrated, he tells us, with the old maxim, that the chief pillars of the throne are the Church and the Aristocracy, Charles Albert (notwithstanding the liberal airs he sometimes gives himself,) ceases not to caress the nobility and the clergy. A statistical fact will give an idea of the protection which is granted to monks. In the Sardinian states there are 408 convents, and religious orders have received in the space of fifteen years, from the government alone, grants equivalent to a hundred millions of francs. (£4,000,000 st.).

Concerning the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, it were needless to repeat what has been so often discussed; the oppressive tendency of Austria, the barbarity of the laws and judicature, the omnipotence of the police, and the infamous catechism which is made use of in schools, &c. are the themes.

Italy has, however, in spite of its political defects, being undergoing many desirable changes within the last few years. Industry has been encouraged, the education of the people and the morals of the higher classes have also been improved. But the more extensive these ameliorations are, the more it becomes evident that

the constitution of the Italian States must alter. And how is this change to be effected?

This is the practical part of M. R.'s views. He proves that among his countrymen public opinion is awake. They greet, half-dazzled, the sun of liberty as it rises once again upon them. And to make sure that the efforts of despotism will not triumph over this tendency among nations to secure their independence, he draws the following outline of the military forces which Italy might oppose to foreign invasion:

"The kingdom of the Two Sicilies has 40,000 foot soldiers, and 5,000 horse, with 272 cannons. The Sardinian States, 50,000 foot, 7,000 horse, and 256 cannons. Rome, 13,000 infantry, 1,500 cavalry, and 48 pieces of artillery. Tuscany, Lucca, Parma, and Placentia, with Modena, about 10,000 foot, 1,000 horse, and, perhaps, 50 cannons." To this military muster of Italy, M. Ricciardi seems inclined to join 30,000 or 40,000 Italian soldiers, now serving in the Austrian army. You will, probably, not consider this a very redoubtable force; a skilful general, commanding 60,000 tried soldiers, would promptly disperse such inexperienced and ill-disciplined troops. But our author takes a different view of the subject. He considers the regular troops merely as the kernel, the centre, of a vast insurrection, embracing Italy from one extremity to the other, and in which innumerable militias, imposing national guards, &c., would play their part. Finally, he reckons the military, naval, and financial resources of Italy sufficient to sustain, advantageously, a struggle with Austria. Is he, or is he not, labouring under an illusion? We might soon know, for certain, by the event, if it were not the policy of Lord Palmerston, and also, probably, of M. Guizot to defer a conflict, for which, I fear, the Italian peninsula is not quite so well prepared as M. Ricciardi seems to imagine.

Paris, 14th Sept., 1847.

In the continued dearth of news more generally important, I shall inform you to-day of the marriage of M. de Balzac. A year ago our minor satirical newspapers had made it the subject of their facetious pleasantry, but their jokes, good or bad, were rather premature. Balzac himself announces officially, to-day, the happiness and the riches which await him. He is marrying a Russian Princess, (pardon me the omission of her name,) whose possessions are near Kiev. His acquaintance with her, he says, is of long standing, but the Princess feared the projected alliance might be disadvantageous to the establishment of her only daughter. This young lady is now married, and her mother, free to act as her inclinations prompted, thinks she cannot do better than confide her happiness to the clever author of the *Physiology of Marriage*. M. de Balzac makes his conjugal debut by furnishing his house in a style of eastern magnificence. If we give credence to the reports which he encourages among his acquaintance, he has already expended 800,000f. (£32,000) in repairing his little hotel Beaujon, in the Champs Elysées, which was built formerly for a celebrated financier. We hear of admirable ceilings which he has discovered under a triple coat of whitewash, and which have been restored by our best artists. We are told of a dining-table, which Louis Philippe might envy him. It is said to be sculptured from his own design. The four legs represent those four animals whose flesh is most frequently seen at the festive board;—the ox, the sheep, the roebuck, and the wild boar. The four sides are covered with reliefs, representing those vegetables and fruits which are most worthy, in his consideration, to appear at table. What shall I say more? M. de Balzac has realised all those dreams of luxury created by his fertile imagination, of which we read in so many novels. He also entertains his auditors, and

above all, those of the fair sex, with tales of travels he is about to undertake over barren steppes, to explore the rich demesnes he has acquired. His gastronomic imagination dilates upon the necessity of passing through whole provinces where, according to him, *people do not eat!* But he has provided himself with fifty loaves of rye, that he may not die of hunger. All this seems very absurd, does it not? And yet it is the precise analysis of a conversation held by M. de Balzac at a fashionable lady's house where he dined a few days since; and this lady, stupefied with wonder at these unexpected revelations, communicated them to me. The moral of this strange story is that, after all, something may be gained by defending the weak side of a question. M. de Balzac has devoted several works to *rehabilitate* (it is his own expression) the woman of *forty*, or even *fifty*, summers. That is to say, he represents them as possible heroines of what would assuredly be *improbable* romances. It was but fair that one of these ladies (and from details given at the beginning of my letter, we might infer that our Russian Princess might have been born in 1810),—it was but fair, I repeat, that one of these should reward the ingenious advocate of passions out of season, and sighs out of tune. However M. Granier de Cassagnac, the chief compiler of the now extinct "Era," might deny the truth of our moral conclusion.—I have mentioned him before to you when speaking of his judicial mishaps; from his first appearance among periodical writers, he consecrated himself the champion of extraordinary arguments, of eccentric and insupportable paradoxes. He maintained that Racine was a mere wag; he tells us that "Marie Tudor," "Angelo," &c., are master-pieces of dramatic genius. He has tried to prove that the slave-trade is a philanthropic institution, and perfectly compatible with the dogmas of Christianity. To crown all, he endeavoured to convince the French, that their nation, under the present Ministry, is, of all others, the happiest, the greatest, the most honoured. With all his arguments in favour of the slave-trade, M. Hugu, and the Ministry, M. de Cassagnac could not avoid his own downfall. He is reduced now to the necessity of leaving Paris, to escape the odium indirectly reflected on him by the trial of his brother-in-law, M. de Beauvallon, for perjury. He was, in fact, threatened by proceedings, sufficiently perilous on his own account, and the best thing he could do was to evade them. Government furnished him with the means, too happy to be rid of so compromising an auxiliary. "M. Granier," says a paper, probably well informed of the fact, carries away with him the secret of many scandalous transactions, many shameful negotiations and unavowed proceedings. The cabinet would dread the publication of his memoirs. His political career is ended—it has not realised the expectations, &c." This last opinion is scarcely exact. When a man announces himself as the born and belted champion of all kinds of abuses—as the representative of repudiated ideas, of exploded and obsolete prejudices; when he acts thus, not from conviction, but interest; when his captious arguments and his illiberal attacks have, no better incentive to every body's certain knowledge, than a bait of a salary which is always degrading, whether it be great or small, where a man so begins his political career, what can he promise himself in the end, but well-deserved isolation and the scorn of all right-minded people? The career, therefore, which M. Granier has closed, terminates as we might have augured from the first,—we expected such a result. May his fate serve as a warning to our young writers of some degree of merit, who, like him, are inclined to venture on a track where so many great and clever minds have failed!

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The Scientific Congress of France met at Tours, for its fifteenth sessions on the 1st September; on the 4th, the "exposition des amis des arts" took place at Marseilles. At Bayeux the Society of Belles Lettres has proposed this question for the prize. "What influence have the Norman and Anglo-Saxon jugglers and Trouvères exercised upon the formation and development of the French language?"

If among your compatriots there chance to be an erudite individual tempted to treat of this momentous question, let him not be deterred from attempting it by the dread of having his labours blamed, as proceeding from interested or mercenary motives. The prize to be awarded is 200*fr.* (£8). The conqueror's glory will, therefore, be pure of all alloy.

The Opera is now opened since Wednesday last. They performed "The Jewess." There is nothing positively new in the house but the paintings. The first tier of boxes retain their gilt balustrade. In front of the second may be seen round-faced smiling little children dancing and tumbling about upon an azure ground. The third tier is ornamented by half naked figures, veiled in gauze, with parted lips, and eyes half-closed and waving locks. These figures were executed by M. de Zara. The ceiling is of great beauty. Apollo, dazling with glory, is surrounded by the gods of Olympus, and Orpheus is presenting to him the greatest musicians of antiquity and of modern times. These are superbly grouped; they are painted by Valbrun, pupil of Gros. The performance of *The Jewess* was in no way remarkable.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### THE SALE OF SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE.

THIS interesting sale took place at the Auction Mart, on Thursday, being prefaced in an eulogistic address by Mr. Robins. The first offer was £1,500 on which Mr. Butler, of Clapton, advanced to £2,000, upon which a deputation from the London and Stratford committees, consisting of Mr. Amyot, Dr. Thomson, Mr. Sheldon, of Stratford, and Mr. P. Cunningham, handed in the following offer, agreed to at a meeting of the joint committees on the preceding day, to the auctioneer: "We, the undersigned, deputed by the united committees of Stratford and London for raising subscriptions for the purchase of Shakspeare's house, hereby offer a bidding of three thousand pounds. The committees having purchased another property, which really constitutes an integral portion of Shakspeare's house, have expended a considerable part of the amount already raised by public contribution; but, looking at the duty imposed upon them in undertaking to represent the feeling of the nation, they have come to the resolution of making this large and liberal offer for the property now for sale, without regard to the funds which they can at present command, in the confidence that the justice of the public will eventually discharge the committees from the individual responsibility which they thus incur." Mr. Robins, on the part of the trustee under whose authority the property was sold, for division among nine individuals, having announced that he gave up any privilege of bidding a higher sum, and no other person appearing to bid, the committees were declared to be the purchasers, and thus the site and buildings were irrevocably secured for the English Nation. The autograph books of visitors were sold for 90 guineas, to Mr. Butler; a spectacle-case, carved from the famed mulberry-tree, brought 15 guineas; and a small bust of Shakspeare, carved from the same, 18 guineas; and some other old furniture and articles, not connected with the Poet, farther than being preserved in the house, were disposed of at good prices. We have now only to express our hope and firm conviction, that the responsibility undertaken by the committee, will be immediately

removed by the influx of sufficient subscriptions. Now that the cost is ascertained there can be no ground for holding back (as was done in the Common Council, of London, on Thursday, by a vote of 69 to 38), lest an immoderate price should be extorted by the fortunate owners of the property. They have been very liberally paid, as, indeed, the possessors of such a treasure had a right to expect, and with the sum paid for the other portion of the house, alluded to in the offer, viz., £820, the whole expense may be estimated at something like 4,000 guineas. In return for which outlay a portion of the property will let for about £50 per annum, and the like sum may be collected in fees from visitors. Say £100 a year for the investment. As far as we can ascertain, the amount of contributions received is about £2,400; so that £2,000 are still wanted to complete the purchase, independently of other considerations for repair, protection, and preservation, in a manner befitting a national object. This sum will unquestionably be raised without delay, as numerous intimations have been received of intentions to do so as soon as the affair was definitely settled.

##### REFUGE FOR UNFORTUNATE FEMALES.

A quotation which closed the first review in our last *Gazette* (p. 661, col. 1.) fervently appealed to woman to become the saviour and protector of the miserable and sinful of their sex. It is with a strong feeling towards the importance and beauty of such a mission that we have heard with intense satisfaction, of a design in progress, at the expense of Miss Burdett Coutts, to perform a divinely benevolent act in this cause. As we are informed, Miss Coutts has determined to prepare a domicile at Shepherd's Bush, under judicious, and merciful regulations, capable of lodging a considerable number of inmates. These inmates are to be discharged female prisoners, who have been condemned for offences, punished, and then thrown upon the world, characterless, tainted, abandoned, and helpless. To these the gates of reformation will be opened. They will be instructed in the consoling and upholding value of morals and religion. They will be taught the means of industry whereby they can earn their bread. They will be rescued from the necessity of guilt; and if not doomed to ruin by evil dispositions which cannot be changed, they will be restored, repentant and virtuous members, to society, instead of being outcasts and curses to that and to themselves. The pattern of this application of wealth let us hope will not be lost. It is a glorious beginning, and worthy of the most exalted humanity,—a sequel to Howard, and blessings will follow it. On the face of the earth there lives not a class of human beings more in need of succour than the class of which we have spoken. Unless there is some such feeling and sympathy for them they are doomed, without a chance of redemption, to certain wretchedness and crime, as the consequence of one error. Surely it is time for legislation to mingle philanthropy with stern justice; and not, under the semblance of a slight punishment, doom our fellow creatures to worse than transportation or imprisonment for life. We hail the present movement with warm hopes, and shall look with fervent anxiety to the fruits we think it likely to bear. Mr. Chesterton, the experienced and worthy governor of Coldbath-fields, is, we are told, superintending the preparations of The Refuge.

##### RED INDIAN MYTHOLOGY.

[Continued.]

A third and distinct class of imaginary beings is compared by Dr. James and others, to the demigods of classic story, and perhaps the legends respecting them should be looked upon

as traditions referring back to actual personages among the progenitors of the present race. Of this class is *Mishouha*, the wizard of the lakes, whose stone canoe may still by zealous eyes be seen flying before the tempest on Lake Superior (Schoolcraft). Of this class is Areskoui, the god of war among the Hurons, whom some of the learned (La Houtan), from the first four letters of his name, insist upon identifying with the *Apoc* of Thrace, the Mars of Grecian Mythology. To this class, too, with others less familiar with wigwam story, belong Pau-puck-wis, already mentioned as the tricksome Robin-good-fellow of our American wilds, and *Mechipous* and *Nabozhoo*, who seem to be at once the Merlins and Prosperos, the Cosmogonists, Necromancers, and Merry-andrews of our early world in these parts (*Cérémonies Religieuses*, also Schoolcraft). *Nabozhoo* or *Waniboshoo*, or *Manitou Boshoo*, or *Nannabush*, as he is sometimes called, for all these names apply to the same mythological personage, holds a rank and situation somewhat like those of the Roman Pan (James' *MS.*). In the solitary figures of *Nabozhoo*, as he is rudely represented by our aborigines, there is a resemblance to the Asiatic *Iswara*, who, in the Eastern mythology, is connected with one of the deluges of India (James and Schoolcraft. See also, *Wild Scenes of the Forest and Prairie*, Bentley, London, 1838). Like Noah, like Deucalion, like Saturn, and like *Iswara*, *Nabozhoo* preserved during the inundation those animals and plants which were afterwards to be useful to mankind. Many of the child-like legends told concerning him are ludicrous in the extreme, and the Indians are especially fond of those in which he figures as a perfect harlequin. In some of his addresses to different animals and their replies one is inevitably reminded of that very ancient nursery time, when one language was common to brutes and men, as commemorated in the poetic periods of Mother Goose. In the more dignified phases of his character, however, *Nabozhoo* sits as solemn as a sagem, pictured with a serpent, which he either winds in one hand like the Sanscrit *Iswara*, or permits to coil from between his lips, as in the statue of the Roman Saturn (Tanner's *Narrative*).

The legends and traditions regarding all these characters seem to be preserved and passed from mouth to mouth with great fidelity—so that the lodge legends of America, of which we have such beautiful specimens in Schoolcraft's curious *Algic Researches*, may in the hands of genius become some day as famous and as familiar to all of us, as the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. In wigwam lore there is a traditionary character who must be as dear to the hearts of all good red little children, as Santa Claus is to the white urchin. *Iagoo* is the name of a never-wearying storyteller, who, like Ovid, sings the *mutatas formas* of North American mythology, and who delights as much to charm the little folks with his entertaining stories as ever Santa Claus did to please them with playthings. It is from this Munchausen of the wilds that some of the lake tribes profess to derive their first knowledge of *WEEG*, the pigmy god of sleep. *Iagoo* related that one day going out with his dogs, he passed through a wide range of thickets, where he missed his four-footed followers. He became exceedingly concerned, for they were faithful dogs, and much attached to him. He called out and made every exertion to recover them. At length he came to a spot where he found them asleep beneath a tall weed or flower, whose chalice was, it seems, the residence of *WEEG*, which they had incautiously approached too near. After great exertions *Iagoo* aroused his dogs, but not without having felt the power of somnolency himself. As he cast up his eyes

he saw the spirit of sleep poised upon a branch near by. He was then in the shape of a giant insect or monstrosity, with many wings from his back, which made a low deep murmuring sound, like that produced by distant falling water. Since that day the agency of Weeng has been acknowledged alike by the Indian mother who puts her yawning child to bed, and the prosy orator among the red men who finds himself surrounded with a nodding audience. According to the traditions preserved by Mr. Schoolcraft, in his *Algie Researches*, Weeng seldom acts directly in inducing sleep, but he exercises dominion over hosts of gnome-like beings who are everywhere present and constantly on the alert. These beings are of course invisible to common eyes. Each one of them is armed with a tiny puggamangun or club, and when he observes a person sitting or reclining under circumstances favourable to sleep, he nimbly climbs upon his forehead and inflicts a blow. The first tap only creates drowsiness; the second makes the person lethargic, so that he occasionally closes his eyelids; the third produces sleep.

It is the constant duty of these little emissaries to put every one to sleep whom they encounter, men, women, and children. They are found scattered around the beds or on small protuberances of the bark of Indian lodges. And they hide themselves in the kiptaugun or smoking pouch of the hunter, and when he sits down to light his pipe in the woods, are ready to fly out and exert their sleep-compelling power. If they succeed, the game is suffered to pass, and the hunter obliged to return to his lodge without reward (*Algie Researches*).

In general, however, Weeng and his pigmy band are represented to possess friendly dispositions, seeking constantly to restore vigour and elasticity to the exhausted body. But they, like the kindred elfin tribes of the Puckwees, being wholly without judgment, sometimes exert their power at the hazard of reputation, and even of life.

[To be continued.]

#### BIOGRAPHY.

J. NEWINGTON HUGHES, ESQ.,

At whose house the members of the British Archaeological Association spent so delightful an evening, during their congress at Winchester, died last week. In our report of that visit (see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1492, August, 23, 1845), we described the valuable historical treasure in his possession, which was brought forth on the occasion; viz. a vast collection of the private papers of the Fairfax family, relating chiefly to the stirring events of the seventeenth century, and purchased at the sale of Leeds Castle, where they had lain unknown and unappreciated till fortunately purchased by Mr. Hughes. At the *soirée* alluded to, as we also then noticed, a document of considerable length and romantic interest was selected for reading by Mr. S. Wright. It gave an account of the active part taken by Brian Fairfax, in the intrigues of Monk (afterwards Duke of Albemarle) and the Fairfaxes against Lambert, which ended in the restoration of Charles. The young Brian's adventures in his journeys across the wild unsettled borders, were painted with graphic effect, that would have done credit (as we remarked) to the pen of a Scott or a James. It were to be wished that the voluminous manuscript records, of which this episode formed a small part, should be ably digested for publication, now that their proprietor can no longer care for their appearance at full length, and in perfect integrity, with expensive and voluminous illustrations. The cheap effectiveness of our day does not permit such enterprise, and it is a pity that the really important

historical information should be postponed for a consummation which may never be attainable. Mr. Hughes was rich in other antiquarian relics, and fine paintings and rare articles of *virtu*. An ancient standard Winchester Bushel measure was among them; but altogether his store was very various, curious, and interesting. We have not heard what disposition he has made of it.

A number of the letters, if our memory is correct, are what are called Newsletters, and were written from branches of the family in London to relatives in the country; and from the peculiar part which the Fairfaxes took in the great events of the Revolutions, they necessarily contain matter which will clear up many important events in the history of that interesting period. A few volumes, two or three of the utmost historical value, might be selected from them for publication by a competent person, and be a truly national work.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPROMPTU.

THE curiosity of these lines is that they are the spontaneous productions of mind, without will. The writer was thinking on indifferent affairs, when they suggested themselves, and he could trace no connection or chain of thoughts to account for the circumstances. He could not help reflecting on this,—a mental process probably familiar to others, and endeavouring to trace the why, when thinking of nothing but common things around, his *Mind* should compose verses on an entirely opposite theme! Next morning he recollected that he had passed (but without any particular notice) a house, which was closely shut up in consequence of the death of its mistress.

My happy hours are past on earth,  
And I am left alone;  
Thy taint, O Death, is on my hearth;  
My soul of life is gone.

Oh! Death, dread mystery, that mortal never  
Thy depths can fathom nor thy bounds explore:  
I cannot sleep, my loved one sleeps for ever!  
I wake to weep; and she will wake no more!

TRUTHA.

##### AUTUMN.

CHILL falls the rain; the seared leaves straw the ground;  
Now brief twilight preludes soft the night;  
The waving trees give forth a murm'ring sound;  
And Luna's lamp pours forth a placid light.

Hail, sacred Night! the world's rude cares are o'er;  
The City's noise is hush'd, life's tide is still;  
Thou art an emblem of that happy shore  
Where calm and peace succeed all earthly ill.

Roll on ye clouds, majestically roll  
Through trackless paths across the radiant sky!  
Why ardent thus pursue my eager soul  
Pain would find out some resting-place on high.

Nature! Fate! no! God rules this teeming world;  
The Seasons, ever changing, yet the same;  
His thunder sounds; his lightning-flare unfurled  
In majesty and power: these speak his name.

September 13, 1847. EDWIN KEET.

#### THE DRAMA.

*Mary-le-bone Theatre*.—On Monday, Mrs. Warner repeated the *Winter's Tale*, in which she so finely plays *Hermione*, at this theatre, and we were glad to see, to a full house, especially in the spacious pit and gallery; the boxes, though genteelly occupied, not having yet, at this dull season, attracted the numerous company which the character and merits of the performances deserve. But even amid the lowest class in the gallery, it was pleasing to witness the attention which Shakspeare commanded. No sooner did the curtain rise for every act, than silence and interest prevailed throughout the house; and whilst the poetry and feeling impressed the audience in this manner, there was not a light laugh in the wrong place, but only where any little *gruocherie* was exhibited, or where *Autolycus*, the Shepherd, or the Clown, gave the humours of their parts with a drollery enough to extort this congenial mark of approbation.

On Thursday the *School for Scandal* was revived, with an attention to dress, decoration, and, what is technically called, the "setting" of the play, that would have done credit to any theatre, and is especially commendable in one that has only been opened for so short a time as the *Mary-le-Bone* under its present management. A well-filled house appreciated most of the satirical hittings, and the actors, finding their audience in good humour, did full justice to their several parts. The applause was almost constant, and the success of the revival unequivocal. We ought to have mentioned that Sheridan Knowles's *Hunchback* has also been produced here, and will, probably, alternate with the *Winter's Tale* and the *School for Scandal*, for some time to come.

*Sadler's Wells*.—Shakspeare's *Cymbeline* is rather gaining in attraction than otherwise, if we may judge from the full and attentive audiences we have remarked on both our visits to this house since its first production, on the opening night. It is a sad fact, that, to witness a Shakspeare play, a citizen must travel to Islington or Mary-le-Bone; but when there it is extremely gratifying to find our Swan so well represented. Still Messrs. Greenwood and Phelps are not contented with Shakspeare only, and we have been much pleased by the artistic and able manner in which Lovell's fine play of the *Provost of Bruges*, and Marston's *Patrician's Daughter*, have been produced and acted at Sadler's Wells.

#### VARIETIES.

*Cracow*.—The Emperor of Austria has not only resolved that the University of Cracow shall remain in existence, but that the education shall be more thoroughly grounded and general, and that a larger number of students shall be admitted. His Majesty has appointed Dr. Johann Schindler, Prebendary of Cracow, Curator of the said University.

*The Society of Architects at Mayence*.—The General Annual Meeting of this Society, which lasted three days, was attended by above 300 foreign members. A meeting was held on three successive mornings in the grand marble hall, when a beautiful collection of models and designs was exhibited. The immense palace, which has been newly arranged and adorned at the expense of the city, now contains a library of more than 100,000 volumes, some of which are very rare, the celebrated clock of Monk Johann Alexis a fine picture-gallery, and cabinet of medals, &c., as well as a rich collection of specimens of Natural History and Archaeology.

*Carthage*.—It is stated in the *Journal des Débats*, that in quarrying stone near the inner harbour of ancient Carthage, about 30 feet below the surface, a marble colossal bust of Juno has been found, in as perfect preservation as if just sculptured. From the diadem which encircles the brow to the termination of the waist, it measures about four feet. It is seven inches between the angles of the eyes. It is said that the Bey has not only presented this, but also granted all the antiquities which may be found in the process of these operations, to M. Delaporte, the French Consul.

*Rome, September 2*.—At a late examination of the students of La Sapienza, Pius IX. without any previous intimation, suddenly entered the hall, and after a short encouraging address to them, distributed the prizes with his own hand. He then went to the *Guardia de la Civica*, which has its seat in the University, and conversed sometime with the young men who were stationed there. His Holiness was unattended, and attired in a plain undress.

*Franz Michael Frangin*, one of the most celebrated of the northern poets, died at Hornsund, on the 15th ult., at the advanced age of 75. He was by birth a Finn, distinguished himself by his genius in early youth, and was at the age of 17 Doctor of

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Philosophy at Abo. He rose rapidly in university distinctions, and when only 22 years old became editor of the celebrated *Abo Zeitung*. On the union of Finland with Sweden, he went to the latter country and obtained a good church living, from which he advanced in 1831 to the bishopric of Hernoönd. For 32 years he read the biography of some eminent Swede, every anniversary of the Academy. His poetry displays great taste and ease, and his sermons and other religious works are full of true piety.

Mrs. *Von Reinwald*, the sister of Schüller, died at Meiningen, on the 30th ult., in her 89th year. She was well enough on the preceding day to walk to M. Von Schellhorn's studio, to look at his nearly completed diorama.

Dr. *Joseph Gambihler*, author of the "Hand-book for Travellers to London," and numerous political and philosophical works, died suddenly at Nuremberg, on the same day, aged 46.

Captain *Ebenezer Williams*, one of the American heroes of the revolutionary war, who fought at Bunker's Hill, and was a friend of Washington's, died on the 1st of July, at Schoharie, N.Y., at the advanced age of ninety-eight!

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The posthumous works of the late Dr. Chalmers, stated to consist of a large mass of MSS., including a commentary on the Scriptures as far as Jeremiah, his professional letters on Divinity, correspondence with the most distinguished men of the age, have been purchased, it is said, for £10,000, by Mr. Constable, the son of the late publisher, and the brother-in-law of Mr. Cowan, the Edinburgh member of the Macaulay for Edinburgh. We presume they will be immediately put into a course of publication.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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1847.	h. m. s.	1847.	h. m. s.
Sep. 18 . . .	11 51 15.4	Sep. 22 . . .	11 52 51.1
19 . . .	— 53 54.3	23 . . .	— 52 30.2
20 . . .	— 53 33.2	24 . . .	— 52 9.3
21 . . .	— 53 12.1		

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Further information may be obtained from the Medical or Surgical Officers or Lecturers, or at the Anatomical Museum or Library.

#### ANNUAL ECLIPSE. The "Guardian" of

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29, Paternoster Row, Sept. 18, 1847.

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